"THE PUBLIC FINANCE OF SPAIN, 1895-1898."—[See Page 299.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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A FIRST LESSON IN THE ART OF WAR.

Recruits for the two additional Artillery Regiments at Fort Slocum, Davids Island, Long Island Sound.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 26, 1898

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THE joint resolution to annex Hawaii by law, the treaty having been dropped, apparently, has been anticipated. We are quite sure that open discussion of this resolution will eventually kill it, as secret discussion has killed the treaty.

THE value of our ante-war news may be judged from the fact that every important statement made in the description printed last Thursday morning in one of the leading New York daily newspapers concerning the defences of New York Harbor was inaccurate. If this is the direful consequence of the use of the reporter's eyes, what can we anticipate from his imagination?

ON another page of the paper will be found an elaborate exposition of the condition of the Spanish finances. It is the work of one of the most eminent statisticians of our country, who for certain excellent reasons does not wish to sign the article at the present time. It is a more thorough examination of the subject than has appeared in any country, even in Spain, and indicates that while Spain is not wholly bankrupt, she is on the verge of bankruptcy; that she has resorted to methods unknown in modern times, outside of Turkey, to replenish her Treasury; that the continuance of her efforts to hold the island of Cuba must result in her bankruptcy, for although the pretence is that the Cuban Treasury is paying the war expenses, the fact is that the enormous debt is a lien upon the Spanish Treasury. Unless Spain can excite the sympathy of the Paris Bourse in her behalf, it is evident from this article that she will not have enough money even to make proper preparation for a war with the United States.

THE primary law that has been agreed upon, or which at least is to be passed, if any primary bill is to become a law, is almost as bad as the bosses could make it. It was not very much of a bill that was agreed to by persons representing various Republican factions, and no bill that provides, among other things, for conventions and for the management of a party primary by its own election officers will be of the slightest value as a reform measure. PLATT election inspectors at Republican primaries and Tammany election inspectors at Democratic primaries would simply make the frauds by which the bosses would continue their control of their organizations the work of official instead of unofficial persons. All friends of primary reform should oppose the passage of the proposed measure, because it will be looked upon as a reform measure and will postpone real reform for a time, while the fact might as well be recognized first as last that no real measure of primary reform will be enacted by the boss-ridden Legislature until party opinion in favor of reform has reached a more acute stage than there are any signs of at present.

THAT the partnership between CROKER and PLATT has not been dissolved is shown by the introduction of another ELLSWORTH bill besides that for limiting the freedom of the press of which we have already spoken. This bill abolishes the present Rapid Transit Commission of the city of New York, and provides for the appointment of a bi-partisan commission. It is intended, of course, to put an end to any rapid transit in the city during the time that either CROKER or PLATT is in power. It is possibly intended for the furtherance of an agreement between the political bosses and the surface and elevated railroads made prior to election and in consideration of material assistance. Such a commission as is suggested might also be of great service to the bosses in enabling them to "strike" the surface and elevated railroad companies whenever they were in need of funds, or to "rig" the market. At all events, it is decidedly hostile to the interests of the city, and an illustration of the extremes to which bosses have the courage to go in these days of their strength. Every other city should take notice of the effort, and should watch curiously to see whether the citizens of New York have the civic virtue and courage to frighten off the bosses from their scheme of plunder and oppression.

WHETHER the President and Speaker REED do or do not wish Congress to adjourn at an early date, as bearing on the settlement of any question that may result from the report of the SAMPSON board of inquiry, or from the unfortunate transmission to Congress of the consular correspondence, the country will be better off and its interests will be better looked after if Congress is not in session. And this is not necessarily a reflection on Congress. If there is a question between the two countries, it is one that requires diplomatic and delicate treatment, and no one expects or even desires the reticence and self-restraint from the legislative branch of the government that ought to, and must, characterize the action of the Executive in dealing with a foreign power. Even the most excited will probably admit that if we have any difference of opinion with Spain, and if we have anything to gain from its settlement, it will be better to effect the settlement and to gain our object by peaceful methods, and it is certain that peaceful efforts will be greatly endangered if Congress remain in session while they are in progress. It will be impossible, in such an event, to restrain the flood of oratory which is ready to break forth on the Cuban question at any moment, and though the majority may hope for quiet, the noisy minority will probably have their way. Their oratory will naturally excite and anger the people with whom the President will be negotiating, so that if Congress is not out of the way at the perilous moment, if the perilous moment is to come, the chances for war will be enormously increased.

IT seems to be the general impression that there is only one course for the United States to pursue should it be determined that the war in Cuba must be stopped, and that this country may properly intervene to bring about that result. The assumption is that in such an event the United States must insist that Cuba shall be granted independence; but it has been suggested at Washington, and the suggestion has been received favorably in influential quarters, that the United States may ask that hostilities cease, and may meantime suggest to the Cubans that they make a trial of the autonomic government which Spain has offered to them. This is a very sensible suggestion, and the criticism that it would be in effect a decision against an oppressed people is not a fair one. The Cubans are struggling for independence, but they cannot obtain independence by their own unaided efforts. It is true that the struggle they are making may go on for a long time to come, but so long as Spain resists, the insurrection will be a failure, and in the mean time the war has resulted in the death of hundreds of thousands of Spaniards and Cubans, some on the field of battle, some from diseases contracted in an unwholesome climate, and many from starvation. The industries of the island are paralyzed, and Cuba is not only a desolate and death-stricken place, but it is a nuisance to all neighboring countries, and a crying offence to all persons of humane feeling. It is true that the United States might intervene to stop this in the way that the insurgents desire, and in the only way that has been seriously discussed; but in order to put an end to the war in that way the United States would be obliged itself to incur the miseries of war, and to add to its already complex and difficult political and social problems the grave questions and complications that would result from the annexation of an island situated at a distance, and inhabited by an alien people with alien manners and customs. Therefore the suggestion that the United States should ask the insurgents to try autonomy seems to be the best and the wisest one that has been made. If autonomy is unsuccessful, the Cubans can renew their rebellion with greater chances of success than they now enjoy, because now the civilized world believes that they would be happy under autonomy, so that if it was proved that this was a mistake, the insurgents would have sympathy where they are now looked upon as obstinate, reckless rebels, who are willing to ruin their island if they cannot rule it. Successful autonomy would not only be a great gain for the Cubans, but it would be the best possible solution of what difficulty there is between Spain and the United States. It would be a step also towards self-government, for Spain could be much more easily prevailed upon to surrender Cuba after granting it autonomy than now in the midst of an exasperating war, which has aroused not only her passions, but all her pride.

FALSE AMERICANS.

WE hear and read a good deal, in these stirring times of shouting, about the "American spirit" and an "American policy." The people who are talking most about this spirit and this policy mean the spirit of war, and the policy which they advocate is that of taking Cuba away from Spain. And they remind us disagreeably of the fact that if there should be a war we shall still have them with us for a generation after the war is over, as prominent politicians, screeching editors, pension agents, and such like worse than worthless citizens, disgracing us by their bombast, corrupting our politics, and insisting on an undeserved preference in nearly every relation of life. A majority of the shouters of to-day would not fight, although some of them might enlist in the army and navy, and would be therefore compelled to take part in the proposed contest, which is quite as likely to be brought about by their own noise as by any other cause. If they really did enlist, they would do so under the momentary excitement which they are themselves creating. The real fighting, however, would be done by the men who are sincerely opposed to war, who appreciate its horrors, who are doing their utmost to prevent it, and who are, in consequence, the objects of the insults of the obstreperous people who are now claiming the possession of all the patriotism of the country, just as in the future, if they succeed in forcing war upon us, they will be claiming all the pecuniary rewards of patriotism, rewards which, as decent men know, are never claimed by the deserving, but which a grateful people, ashamed to seem niggardly where patriotic services appear to be in question, readily yield on the first clamorous demand.

What kind of people are these who are claiming to be imbued with the "American spirit," who are insisting upon the right to formulate the American policy, who are lauding themselves as patriots because they want to make war on Spain, and who are denouncing as disloyal cowards those who are for keeping the peace? They are chiefly the proprietors and editors of certain extremely vulgar and crassly ignorant newspapers. With hardly an exception, these men who are calling themselves the only "true Americans" are among the most disgraceful elements of American society. They have done their best to debase its tone, to lower its moral standards, to bring our government into contempt. They are now declaring that the United States must fight for American honor, but, until now, they have worked with the ingenuity of mocking Mephistopheles to bring to the surface the vilest features of American life, and to make them appear as its characteristics. In no single instance have they been known to celebrate or spread abroad the fine achievements of Americans who have won distinction for moral and intellectual qualities, unless those achievements have possessed commercial value to themselves. There is not a statesman of character and conscience, not a public man who has unselfishly devoted himself to his country's good, who has not been the object of their abuse. The very atmosphere in which good men dwell affronts and enrages these creatures. On the other hand, there is not a scoundrel in public life whose success has not been promoted and maintained by them. So intimate are the relations existing between the ruffians of the press and the ruffians of political slums that the latter have apparently no dignity to uphold, either personal or official, if the maintenance of the semblance is incompatible with the wishes, denoted generally in advertising schemes, of their patrons of the press; for relations of patronage have been renewed, although places have changed, since yellow journalism came into power, and instead of the editor sitting meanly in the antechamber of the politician, we have the mean politician waiting humbly in the outer office of the lordly editor. These howlers for war, and for blood, which better men will shed, have not only promoted corruption and elevated ignoble men to high position, have not only been the most potent influences in driving good men out of public life, but they have never hesitated to defy the law, nor, when they have been unable to discover a hidden truth that might discredit their country, have they hesitated to invent lies that would serve the same end.

They are now urging the country into war, boastfully proclaiming that they can compel it, for the single purpose of making money by increasing their sales. Judging from their conduct in the past and at present, what would be their attitude in case war should unfortunately come? They would, of course,

remain the enemies of every decent man in public life, the inventors of sensations, the authors of lies when the truth failed to contain sufficient spice for their depraved tastes. They would at once set at work an army of spies, whose business it would be to worm out all the secrets of the war. These spies would sneak into the public offices and into the tents of the commanding generals of the army. They would resort to the meanest and most dishonorable subterfuges to attain their ends and earn their pay. If by bribery or other base devices they could obtain a plan of campaign, they would not hesitate to publish it in their newspapers. If they could steal their way into secret defences, they would publish plans of them. The fact that these publications would lead to the defeat of our own armies or the capture of our own strongholds would not deter them from printing what they call the news. They would as willingly betray the enemy as their own country, it is true, but that is as far as their patriotism would carry them. Their ignorant and foolish criticisms of the conduct of the war would affect popular opinion, which they would direct against every self-respecting officer who treated them as they deserved to be treated, and against every capable officer whose movements were not quick enough or sensational enough to whet the appetite for newspapers. This is one of the problems with which our government will be called upon to deal in the event of a war, and it must be confessed that it is so difficult as to make successful war almost impossible. The country would find the lying newspapers in the rear quite as formidable as the armed troops and navies in front.

These newspaper editors and publishers are the most dangerous of the self-proclaimed patriots who are the embodiments of the so-called "American spirit and the advocates of the so-called "American policy." Their companions and tools are the lowest of the politicians with whom a commercial age and a commercial perversion of our system of government have filled the offices and the legislatures of the country. With them, too, are a horde of money-makers, who see in war an opportunity to pocket the millions which the government will be obliged to expend for supplies—for ships, for guns, for arms of all kinds, for food and medicine for the sailors and soldiers, for clothing, for powder—for all that must be bought by the government at a time when the need of haste is so great that opportunity for thorough inspection is lacking, while opportunity for fraud and cheating is correspondingly great. There are some honest but misguided people who are talking about the "American spirit" and the true "American policy" in much the same foolish way as these others, but the great majority of the shouters are such as we have described.

It is true they reach the height of insolence in assuming to be the patriots of the country; but if they are blessed with a war, their mendacity and impudence, re-enforced by their noise, will triumph over the true Americans who hold, in modesty and silence, the true American view, which is that the republic is established for the promotion of the arts of peace and for the prosperity of its honest and industrious citizens; who hold, too, the faith that WASHINGTON taught in his Farewell Address, and that the President of to-day enforced in his address at the University of Pennsylvania on WASHINGTON's birthday.

"Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct,"

said the first President, and the last President echoes:

"Following the precepts of WASHINGTON we cannot err. The wise lessons in government which he left us it will be profitable to heed. He seems to have grasped all possible conditions and pointed the way safely to meet them. He has established danger signals all along the pathway of the nation's march. He has warned us against false lights. He has taught us the true philosophy of 'a perfect union,' and shown us the graphic dangers from sectionalism and wild and unreasonable party spirit. He has emphasized the necessity at all times for the exercise of sober and dispassionate judgment."

These are the words of true patriots, and they speak the wish of true Americans. If war shall come, it will be fought bravely by the men who love their country for the blessings of peace which have followed the establishment of the republic, for the public virtue and enlightenment for which it stands, for its attainments for human liberty and human progress; by the men now silent and apprehensive, who look forward with an intelligent appreciation of what may come; by such men as those now at the head of affairs in both the civic and military branches of the government. These are the men who come to the surface of American life in every dangerous crisis and sturdily bear its burdens, only to return, we regret to say, after the crisis is over, to leave the field to the mouthing boasters whose noise may have produced the crisis, and whose aim will certainly be to make all the money possible out of the misery and the suffering of those whom they are now insulting, and upon whose strength and fidelity depend always the safety and welfare of the country.

THE FUTURE OF CUBA.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

NOTHING could be more natural than the sympathy of Americans with other Americans who struggle against oppression, and with those poor victims of the struggle who, in consequence of it, are reduced to starvation and misery. That the bloody and destructive conflict in Cuba be brought to a speedy conclusion, and be followed by a reign of liberty, law, and order, is therefore the sincere wish of all the good people of this country. That wish springs from a generous sentiment, and it is strengthened by a just appreciation of the annoyances, commercial and other, which are caused by the frequent recurrence of distracting disorders at our very doors. The thought that it may be the business of this republic to put an end to the trouble by friendly counsel and mediation, or, if that be of no avail, by forcible interference, finds, under such circumstances, much favor, even among persons who do not think lightly of a war with its incalculable sacrifices in blood and treasure which interference by force would bring on. But it is by no means inconsistent with so generous a disposition calmly to examine, aside from other considerations of right or of interest, the question whether the attainment of the immediate object of such interference, the abolishment of Spanish rule in Cuba, would really have the desired effect of securing to the people of that island the blessings of peace, liberty, and a fair measure of good government. In this respect we are not without valuable experience.

In the early part of this century the efforts of the Spanish colonies on the American continent to achieve their independence excited much sympathy in the United States. HENRY CLAY championed their cause with characteristic fervor. Those efforts appeared to him like a repetition of our own Revolutionary war. He attributed to the struggling South Americans all the political capacities of his own people. He thought that as to their "fitness for freedom" the people of South America were "in some particulars even in advance of us." He fiercely attacked the MONROE administration for not aiding them effectively. He urged the repeal of our neutrality laws for their benefit, and insisted that their independence be formally recognized while the struggle was yet undecided. He predicted for them a glorious future. His glowing speeches created a great stir in the country, but the administration remained firm in its conservative attitude.

In March, 1821, HENRY CLAY had an interview on the subject with the Secretary of State, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who thus recorded his part of the conversation in his diary: "I regretted the difference between his [CLAY'S] views and those of the administration upon South American affairs. That the final issue of their present struggle would be their entire independence of Spain I had never doubted. That it was our true policy and duty to take no part in the contest was equally clear. The principle of neutrality in *all* foreign wars was, in my opinion, fundamental to the continuance of our liberties and our Union. So far as they were contending for independence I wished well to their cause; but I had seen, and yet see, no prospect that they would establish free or liberal institutions of government.... Arbitrary power, military and ecclesiastical, was stamped upon their education, upon their habits, and upon all their institutions. Civil dissension was infused into all their seminal principles. War and mutual destruction were in every member of their organization, moral, political, and physical.... Of these opinions, both his [CLAY'S] and mine, time must be the test."

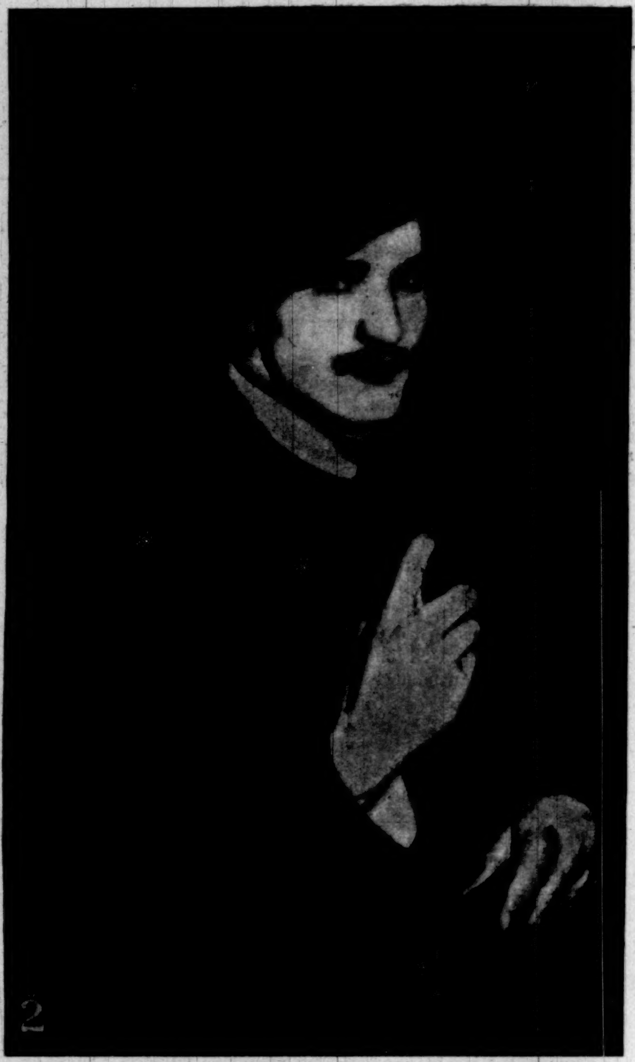
Time has been the test, and it is now generally recognized that JOHN QUINCY ADAMS's predictions have proved far more correct than those of HENRY CLAY. In fact, seven years after the interview, CLAY himself, in answering a complimentary letter from BOLIVAR, the famous South American leader, could not refrain from giving words to his disappointment, saying that the people of the United States were still anxiously looking for the realization of their hope that with the independence of the South American republics free institutions would be established, "insuring all the blessings of liberty." He might say the same thing now.

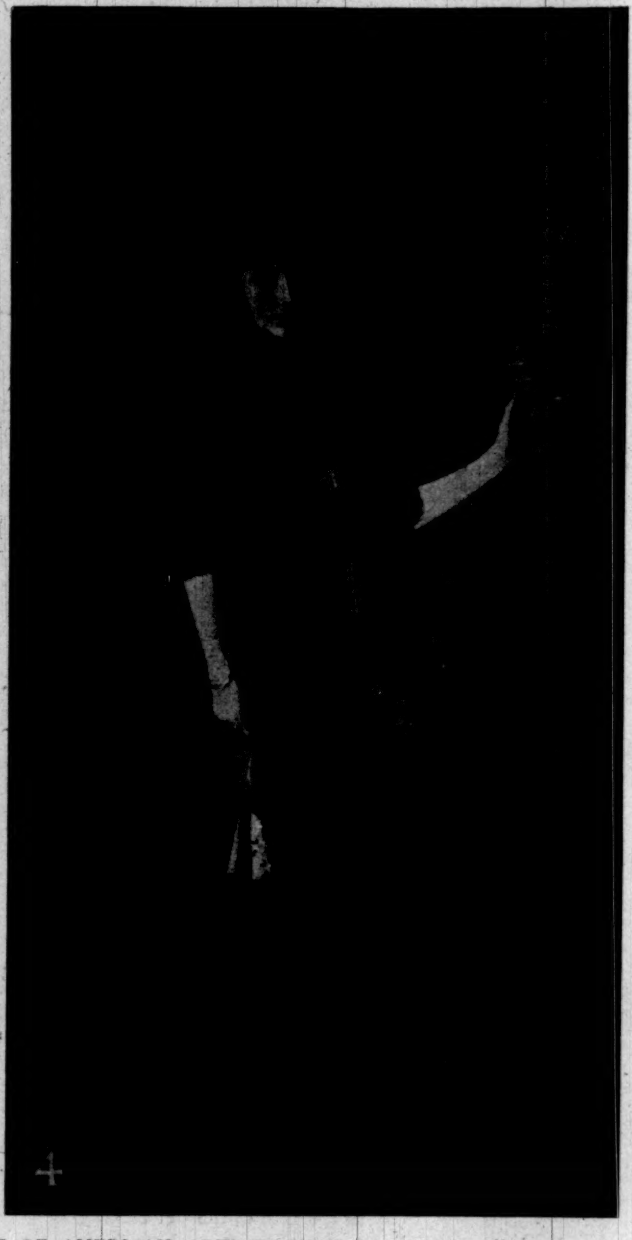
The question whether the population of Cuba, consisting of Spaniards, white Creoles, and one-third of negroes and mulattoes, is in any essential respect superior to that of the American republics south of us, and whether better things may be expected of it, is certainly one of far-reaching importance. That question is by no means answered by the statement upon which an esteemed contemporary lays great stress—that the insurgents in Cuba have exhibited splendid fighting qualities, and that they may therefore be trusted with equal capacities for self-government. The fighting in the Spanish South American colonies was in its time quite as respectable as the fighting now is in Cuba; and considering that the national origin of the two insurgent forces as to the white source is the same—there being an Indian admixture in South America and a strong negro element in Cuba—and considering further that the two populations have grown up under similar tropical conditions of climate and under similar traditional influences, religious, social, and political, it is not unreasonable to apprehend that their conduct after the achievement of independence will be similar also. In other words, it is very probable, if not certain, that in Cuba, as in South America, when the war against the Spaniards ends, wars of factions will begin. And inasmuch as in Cuba a large part of the revolutionary forces consists of negroes and mulattoes, high places of command being held by men of color, who, having done their share of fighting, will claim their share in "running" the government, those wars of factions are likely to become embittered by race antagonisms of peculiar acrimony.

Those of us who by warlike intervention—that is, by shedding the blood of our own people and by sacrificing the treasure of our own country for the purpose of "liberating" Cuba—expect to stop bloodshed and destructive disorder, and to establish civil liberty, peace, and prosperity there, may thus meet with a disappointment as keen as that of HENRY CLAY was. To accomplish their humanitarian end entirely, more intervention by force will probably be required against the factious disturbers. The same men whom our first intervention had liberated would then hate and fight their friends and liberators of yesterday as their enemies and oppressors of to-day. Whoever regards this as an overdrawn picture need only read the history of the American republics south of us, and imagine that the United States had helped them against the Spaniard by warlike intervention, and then attempted to establish and maintain peace and orderly government within their borders. Such a study will convince every candid mind of the complexities of the task. And nobody can foretell how far, after we had once embarked in such a task, our sense of responsibility—not to speak of the growth of a reckless spirit of adventure—would drive us on.

Would not then the annexation of Cuba to the United States appear as the only remaining shift? Probably it would. This would mean the incorporation in our political system of a country with a population of over 1,500,000 souls, which is essentially uncongenial, if not positively hostile, to our political and social principles, ways of thinking, and habits; a country the climatic conditions of which are such that its principal laboring force—that is, the bulk of its citizenship—can never consist of people of Anglo-Saxon, or, more broadly speaking, of Germanic blood; a country that is sure to breed interminable race antagonisms—an evil of which we already have more than enough; a country in every way unfitted for the building up of a well-ordered democracy as we understand it. The idea of embodying in our political system such a country with such a population, of making ourselves responsible for maintaining a republican form of government and peace and order there, and of permitting such a State—for a State it would become—to take an important part in governing our whole republic, is so appalling that every thinking American may well hesitate before venturing upon any step likely to lead us on to it.

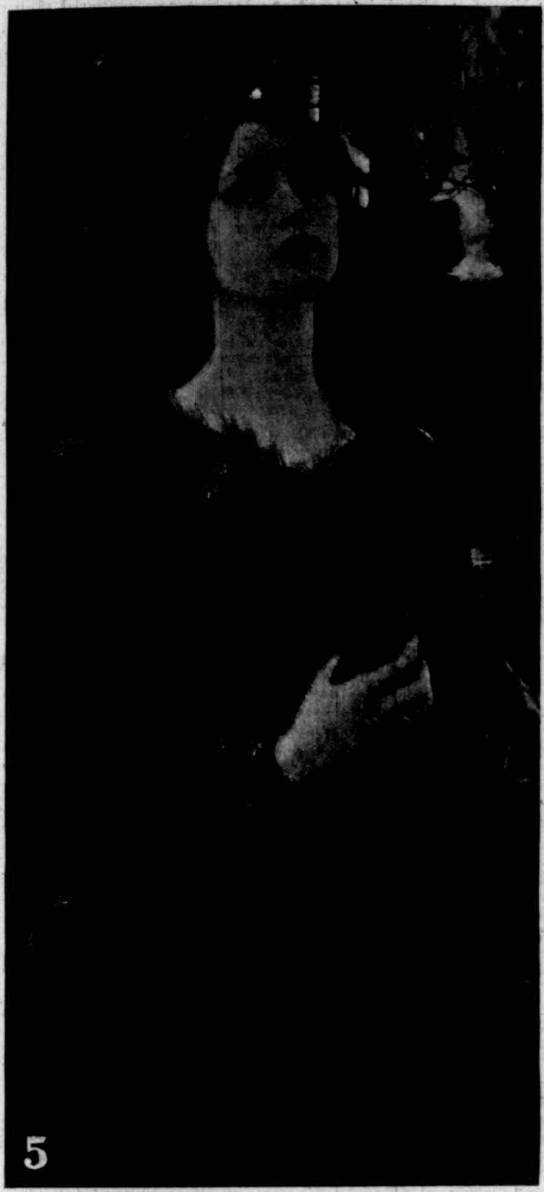
It may be said that all this is mere conjecture. If so, it is conjecture based upon historical experience which no serious man will make light of—the experience that no American republic south of us has ever enjoyed many years of internal peace and prosperity, except under such a government as that of POFIRIO DIAZ in Mexico—an intelligent and vigorous martial dictatorship clad in republican garb—for such it is—a kind of government which, although the best Mexico or any southern republic ever had, we would surely not tolerate in this country, and which we could never exercise over others without fatal injury to our own free institutions. In the face of so grave a situation as the present, it is not ungenerous and certainly not unpatriotic to consider the future of our own country at least as much as that of any other.





FROM THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 310.]

1. Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Phelps Stokes, by John S. Sargent. 2. Portrait of a Young Man, by Charles Hopkinson. 3. Portrait of a Lady, by Samuel Isham. 4. Portrait of young Miss C., by William M. Chase.



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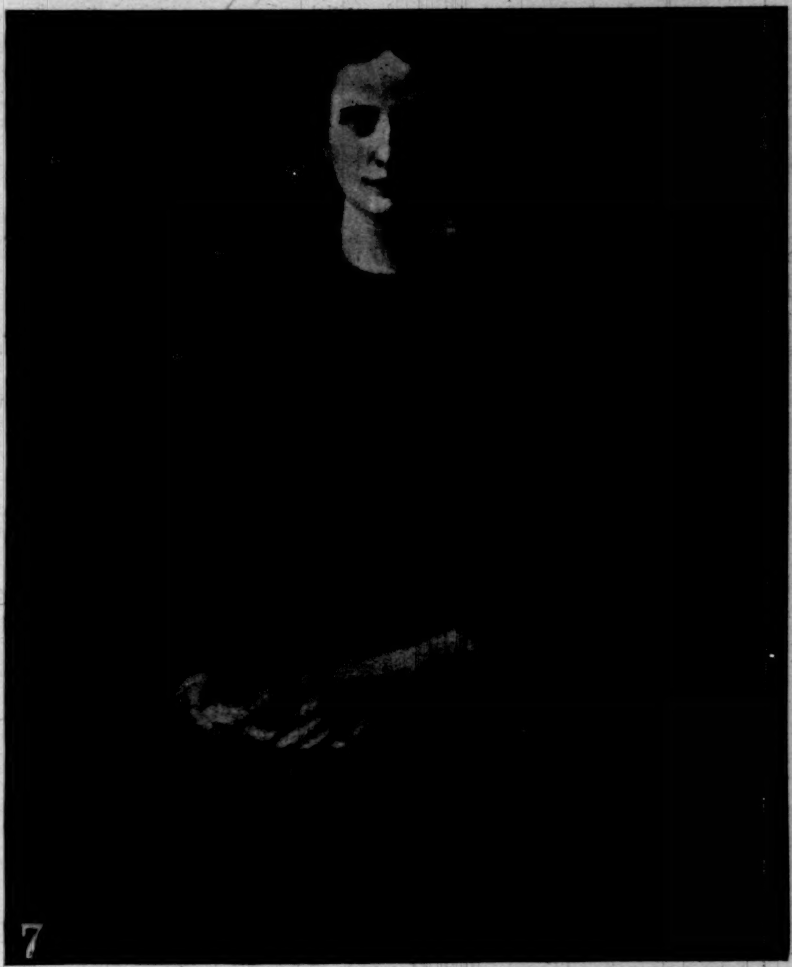
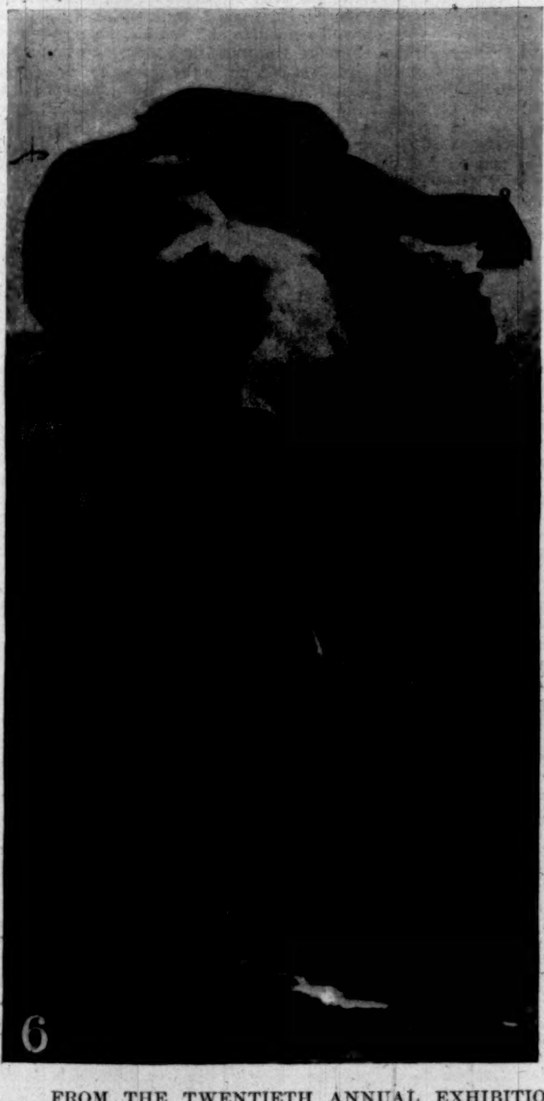




FROM THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS, NEW YORK.—[See Page 310.]

5. "Song of the Pines," by Douglas Volk. 6. "Night and the Waning Day," by George R. Barse, Jr. (Awarded the Shaw Fund). 7. Portrait, by Abbott H. Thayer. 8. "Sea-Sirens," by F. S. Church. 9. "Evening, Honfleur," by George H. Bogert (Awarded the Webb Prize).

HAVANA.

March 12, 1898.

The daily life of Havana goes on in apparent unconsciousness of the rebellion in the interior of the island and the quiet and unobtrusive doings of the court of inquiry into the *Maine* disaster. The bay and wharves are busy with shipping; the narrow streets are crowded with broad mule-carts and the ever-present carriage. A new franchise for a street railway is about to be granted. The present omnibuses—the plebeian conveyance of those who cannot pay twenty cents for a *coche*—are crowded; and to the British vice-consul, just out from home, and who probably has no further immediate interest in the *Maine* nor in the revolution than we have in the depredations of a rebellious tribe of Indian hillmen, Havana may well have the appearance of an active tropical city. Havana is white and glistening. Havana lies sun-bathed day after day in the brilliant light of the tropics. The cool breezes of the Gulf blow in from the white-capped water, and watering-carts lay the dust in the streets. Calle General Weyler, formerly called Obispo, but lately changed to honor the Captain-General, is shaded with awnings and gay with Spanish flags. The shops seem busy, and summer fabrics are displayed to the Spanish women. Spanish officers in their tropical uniforms crowd the cafés by night, and walk down the narrow streets three and four abreast. There are so many of them in town that one imagines field duty may be unpopular. The British vice-consul might well have said: "Is there insurrection in the island? Do they anticipate trouble with the States?"

But one is told that before the war the harbor was as full again of shipping; that before the war the noticeable activity of the city was double what it now is; that to-day business is dead; that, with the Spanish merchants, the idea of annexation or a protectorate grows daily in favor, for their interests and profits go hand in hand with stability of government and commercial confidence.

Havana is awaiting the report of the dignified court of inquiry in their harbor with as much interest as you are doing at home.

Meantime the routine work goes on; the autonomist party print long accounts of their policy and aspirations—manifestoes that are laughed at and ignored. There is also published in the papers each day the censored news from the seat of war—which means from the whole island—telling of the sally of some Spanish column, relating the movements of officers gone to join their regiments, telling of insurgents killed or wounded, of a machete and saddle-bags captured from the rebels. There are long telegrams from the mother-country, expressing satisfaction with what has been done by force of Spanish arms and the autonomistic party toward the pacification of Cuba, and assuring those fire-eating volunteers that no one ever thought of disarming them; that Spain's confidence in them as defenders of the country and preservers of public order is unshaken. One cannot help but remember that the disbanding of the 80,000 volunteers in Cuba was the first plank in the autonomistic platform.

Go a few miles outside of Havana and you come to deserted and idle land; ten miles away the sugar-cane is burned nightly by rebels. Between the fortified villages the railway trains run through insurgent country, and the railway companies are said to pay toll to the rebels for permission to run their trains and *not* have them blown up *en route*. The fact that trains are now seldom wrecked would point to the truth of this statement.

And in the city there are starvation and illness and misery, mourning and sorrow. Notice the many women in mourning upon the streets; see them kneeling in the dim light of church aisles. Read the death notices in the papers—they fill many lines, while the number of births is insignificant in comparison. On last Sunday, March 6, 17,745 people were fed in Havana and Guanabacoa by the food sent from our country. And Havana has felt the effects of the war less than any other city in the island.

And behind many of the stucco walls and grated windows, hidden from view, shrinking sensitively and proudly from the pity of old friends and newer enemies, are suffering and hunger none the less poignant than that which can be seen. From the possession of sugar estates and a house on the Prado to a lodging-house in the suburbs—it is an old story, and there are thousands to tell it. Husbands and elder brothers dead or in the field; the women and boys striving to help themselves, striving to help the cause.

After the arrival of a troop-ship from Spain one sees upon the streets knots of the new soldiers, brave in bright uniforms—fresh, strong-looking boys and vigorous young men. What if they have been drafted to the war against their will? The colony is full of interest; Havana pleases them; they have been cheered and welcomed. Ahead of them is the rainy season; fever will break them down; many will die in hospitals, and the crowded transport that carries the remainder back to Spain will enter many a death on her books.

Havana in the evening is bright with electric lights on the principal thoroughfares. The stores keep open until ten o'clock, and a ceaseless line of carriages parades around the Central Park looking for fares. As is the custom in every South American city, the band plays on certain evenings in the park, and the women turn out to be looked at by the men. But in the old days it was different. Then the plaza on band nights was crowded; the people filled every available chair, at a fee of ten cents per chair for the evening; they blocked the streets, and kept the efficient military police of Havana busy in clearing a way for the *coches*. But in these days a few hundred gather on one side of the park, and the children play among the vacant seats.

Men wander listlessly in and out of the cafés; the newsboys cry their wares on the sidewalk, announcing each paper to be of to-day's issue, and the beggars around the hotels are persistent. The cable messages that you read the next morning have been censored and sent to the cable office; the special tugs to Key West, bearing matter the censor would never pass, have sailed, and the correspondents are free to talk of the day's news. Men scan the hotel register for the names of the latest arrivals, hoping to find the name of a friend from the North. Naval officers come up from the harbor, the Consul-General is talking to the latest Senator from home, and the chief of Havana's police walks through the corridors, leisurely and unoccupied, but noting each face. You may wake up in the morning to hear that the police have made wholesale political arrests during the night, and that the man you talked to last night is in Cabañas.

Such was my experience last week; and straightway followed an exodus from Havana to the insurgent ranks of many Cubans. They deem it better to be in the field than in Cabañas.

Turn from the lighted plaza and the strolling officers down a side street. Gaunt women, their rags drawn around their bony bodies, their despairing faces hid against their dying babies, lean against the walls. Little boys and girls are stretched out under your feet; their bodies are swollen, and their arms like pipe-stems. These are the reconcentrados, and that many of them are alive to-day is due to the charity from our country. There are thousands that cannot live; life is torture, death a blessing, and it would be a mercy to aid them peacefully to pass away. This is Havana, and Havana has known less suffering than any other city in the island.

The court of inquiry has been holding daily sessions, and the testimony of divers and experts is being taken. It is possible, though not considered probable, that the findings of the court be submitted to the scrutiny and arbitration of a foreign body, and to be thoroughly prepared for such a contingency, should it arise, the court is making its examination a thorough and full one in every particular. The wisdom of such action is clear.

The *Montgomery*, trim, graceful, glistening with white paint and burnished guns, is moored but a few yards from the Spanish cruisers *Vizcaya* and *Almirante Oquendo*. The American boat comes in for her fair share of attention from the harbor and the wharves. Her batteries are discussed by the longshoremen, and there are always groups of idle people on the water-front who express their favorable opinion of our war-vessel. Her visitors would surely be many were visitors allowed to the degree that is permitted on board the Spanish vessels; but this privilege has been extended to Americans only, and it has been a pleasure indeed to receive this hospitality and the courteous treatment at the hands of the officers of the *Montgomery*. Vigilance on this vessel is unabated day or night. The search-light is ready for immediate use, and reports as to harbor happenings are constant on board the American cruiser.

On March 11 the Austrian steam-frigate *Donau* arrived in this port. Official visits were at once paid to her by the different men-of-war in the harbor; it was a pretty sight to see the white men-o'-war boats pulling for the latest arrival, and it is a pleasure to record that the men of the *Montgomery* got away in fine style, and beat the whole harbor to the goal.

To-day there have been paid many visits of courtesy to the men-of-war. The autonomistic cabinet went on board the *Montgomery* at two o'clock, and the booming of saluting guns has been incessant.

The attempt to smuggle jewelry into Havana under cover to the Red Cross Society, and the annoyance to that society resulting therefrom, are now things of the past. The government was naturally incensed at the trick, for the custom receipts are of vast importance here, and when one attempts to evade them it is like touching a man in his most tender, as well as only tender, spot. But the government is convinced that there was no intentional attempt at fraud or evasion, and all restrictions to the free entrance of food have therefore been removed.

March 16.

The court of inquiry have sailed from Havana. Their work here is finished and they will not return. They have completed and perfected all plans and drawings; their examination has been careful and thorough.

The work of the Spanish divers claims so little attention and awakens so little interest that it is impossible to learn that they have done anything that is worthy of serious consideration. They have worked in a perfunctory and careless manner, and have made reports to men appointed to hear them; and while these men are ready with many plausible reasons, all tending to show that the *Maine* explosion was internal, very little serious heed is paid to the Spanish investigation.

The floating derrick *Chief* was yesterday towed into Havana Harbor by the *Underwriter*. The *Underwriter* will at once return to Newport News for a large lighter. The *Chief* is a very powerful derrick, and capable of raising many tons. It is believed that the *Maine's* great guns can be saved by the *Chief*, as well as much armor-plate, machinery, and other valuable material.

There has been much improvement in the methods used for getting the American food to the sufferers in Havana. One large central station has been established, which is open from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon every day in the week, and from which are given out weekly rations for twelve thousand people. There are three sub-stations, properly located in the near suburbs of the city, which are open all day Sunday, and which bring the number of people fed up to 17,450 a week. There has also been established as an experiment, a diet kitchen. If this one is successful, others will be immediately put into operation. Here cooked food will be given out to the sick—such food as is suited to their needs—and the benefit to these people from this charity will be great indeed, for many of the suffering have no means of properly cooking food for themselves.

The much-talked-of pacification of the province of Matanzas is amusing. At the head of the rebel forces in this province of Matanzas is one Betancourt, with a price of $2000 on his head. He was at one time a dentist in Matanzas city; he is a man of education, and a successful leader. On the night of March 11 he raided a point on the San Juan River not more than a mile from the city limits of Matanzas, and drove off eighty-odd head of cattle, and more than forty horses. There was no fighting on this occasion. On February 24 last, to celebrate the beginning of the fourth year of the insurrection, an expedition of arms and ammunition was, by night, landed on a beach across the bay, and within plain view of the house-tops of Matanzas city, and not more than a mile from a Spanish fort called Murillo.

A strong indication that the Cubans will not consider autonomy is given by the following very recent occurrence. Three men were found dead at the side of the railroad track. The bodies bore papers announcing them to be Cuban leaders of importance who had been killed by their comrades when it was discovered they were in communication with the Spanish with a view to the furtherance of the autonomistic policy.

By day the province of Matanzas is covered with the smoke from burning sugar-cane. The ashes from destroying flames blow through the capital, and in the evening the sun is dulled and yellow from the smoke. At night-time fires give their dull glow to the darkness; and on Sunday before last, in broad daylight, the rattle of musketry was as music to the ears of the rebel families living in one of the suburbs of Matanzas city that stretches along the bay.

Within the last few days there was an engagement between Spanish and Cubans at a town not more than fourteen miles from Matanzas. The insurgents had to retreat, not having ammunition to return their enemies' fire. The next day men were busily occupied in the city in buying from Spanish soldiers cartridges at a cent apiece, and by the following night the insurgents were replenished with ammunition.

There is constant and easy communication between the rebels in the field and their friends in Matanzas. Letters are received one day and answered the next. Matanzas is but sixty-six miles east of Havana, on the northern coast of the island.

Harold Martin.

WASHINGTON.

March 21, 1898.

Four incidents in connection with the Cuban question have occupied public attention here during the last week. The first was the purchase by our government of two cruisers which had been built in England for the Brazilian navy, the *Amazonas* and the *Almirante Abreuall*. The second was an order from the Spanish Admiralty, since suspended, for the sailing of a flotilla comprising three torpedo-boats and three torpedo-boat-destroyers from Cadiz for Porto Rico. The third was an informal remonstrance by Spain against our assembling so formidable a fleet of war-ships in the waters contiguous to Cuba, as indicating a spirit unfriendly to Spain, and tending to defeat the autonomic experiment in Cuba by encouraging the restless element there to vote against the government at the coming elections. The fourth was the completion of enough of the work of the naval board of inquiry on the *Maine* disaster to permit of its preparing a report.

Possibly before these lines meet the eye of the reader the substance of the board's report will have been laid before Congress. In view of this considerable significance is attached to a widely printed forecast of a report which will be made by a Spanish board appointed to inquire into the destruction of the *Maine*. The Spanish report, it is announced, will declare the explosion to have had its origin within the ship. This is interpreted to mean that Spain is prepared for a report by our board in support of the external origin of the explosion, and purposes to contest this assumption, with a view to submitting the whole question to arbitration, and thus postponing for a time any further step on our part.

Meanwhile Congress is making active preparations for the national defence. In the House the Naval Affairs Committee has provided in the annual appropriation bill for recruiting the Marine Corps to its legal complement of 3000 men; and the Military Affairs Committee, with the approval of the War Department, has prepared a bill to put the army upon a war-footing with 104,000 men. Statistics have been gathered from all the States and Territories, showing the numerical strength of the organized militia to be 114,362, while the total number of men available for military service, but now unorganized, is more than ten millions. Congress has been much agitated by a rumor that the President shares the hope of Speaker Reed for the speedy passage of the appropriation bills and an early adjournment. This is resented by some members—chiefly by Senators—on the ground that it implies disrespect for the law-making branch of the government, and a desire to leave the executive branch in undisturbed control of the negotiations which may be necessary during the next few months.

Madrid is said to have been stirred early last week by a rumor that Cuban sympathizers in the United States were making ready an armed expedition to take Porto Rico. The suggestion is made in well-informed quarters, however, that this story probably had its origin in Spain, as it afforded a convenient explanation of the proposed despatch of the torpedo flotilla to Porto Rico. Without some such pretext it would have been hard to account for this action on any theory consistent with the attitude of protest assumed by Spain toward the preparations for defence made by the United States; for torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat-destroyers are used only for operations against a navy, and the Cuban insurgents, of course, have no navy.

With the decision of the Spanish Admiralty to suspend the sailing orders for the flotilla, however, and our simultaneous substitution of the harmless *Fern* for the formidable *Montgomery* in the harbor of Havana, the excitement at Madrid seems to have subsided.

Senator Davis's sudden change of base on the Hawaiian question, in dropping the treaty of annexation which was pending in executive session, and substituting a joint resolution to be considered in open Senate, was regarded here as bearing directly upon our strained relations with Spain.

The war party in Washington has demanded haste in the annexation of Hawaii, so as to furnish our navy with a base for operations against the Philippine Islands, the idea being to strip Spain simultaneously of her most valuable colonies in both hemispheres, and thus cripple her efforts to raise money in any foreign market.

The Naval Affairs Committee of the House has referred to a subcommittee the Roosevelt *personnel* bill. Leading members of the committee have assured Secretary Long that some measure in the general line of the *personnel* bill will be reported to the House—either the Roosevelt bill itself, or one providing for one hundred additional engineers and machinists.

The latest indications of the President's policy point to his separate treatment of the *Maine* incident and the horrors of Cuban warfare. If Congress consents to this programme, any further steps on our part which might lead to war are liable to go over till fall.

Francis E. Leupp.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A FRIEND of the WEEKLY in Noblesville, Indiana, read a recent paragraph in this department about the willingness of the Hoosiers to stay at home "after they had won the right to leave the State." She calls it "an attack on our Hoosier State," and wants to know if the idea is that Indiana is a prison, and that "only those high on the 'merit-card' may leave the State." Is New York, she asks, the place where good Hoosiers go when they get the right? and, she inquires further, where do the good New-Yorkers go to when the time comes for them to move on? These queries, put in the name of a ladies' club, are of special interest because of their bearing on certain tendencies of American life.

When our querist speaks of the WEEKLY'S "attack on the Hoosier State," she is doubtless joking, for the import of the paragraph she read was to felicitate Indiana on her success in keeping her best citizens at home. The reason why there is anything remarkable about that is because of the existence of a propensity in human creatures who may choose their place of abode to select the place in which they think that life will be most interesting, and because persons who have lived long, under agreeable conditions, in great capitals like Washington, or in big seaboard cities like New York, are apt to consider that there is more fun to be had in such places than in smaller cities. It is recorded of Lincoln that after he had served one term in Congress he liked Washington, and was inclined to stay there, but failed to get a government office which he coveted, and so, happily, went back to Illinois, where he belonged. When the war broke out, Grant was living in Galena, Illinois. When he retired from public life, after two terms in the White House, he did not go back to Galena, but settled in New York. He liked the life of the East, and had lived so long in the East that most of his friends were here, so that it was a natural thing for him to stay here. When General Sherman retired from active service in the army, he tried living in St. Louis, but didn't like it, and finally came to New York, where he died. It was natural, because he had lived for twenty years in the East, and it had become more homelike to him than Missouri. When Grover Cleveland retired from the White House for the first time he came to New York to live. When he finished his second term, and concluded to stop work, he settled in Princeton, New Jersey. He did not go back to Buffalo.

One of the conspicuous features of modern life is the attraction that the great centres of population have for restless or unattached persons. Every considerable city gives evidence of this attraction. New York being the biggest of American cities, and having many allurements of business, climate, and society, attracts more people than any other American city. Washington is socially attractive in an analogous way, because it is a capital. Boston is attractive because it is rich and handsome, and has delightful suburbs. People who can get a license to live in Boston often find life there very pleasant. Chicago is a good place to make money in. People go there chiefly for that purpose, and as it is an exceedingly cogent motive, they go steadily, and in large numbers; but it is observed that Chicago people who have made money enough often pack up and come East to live. When they do that, it must be because life in the East suits them better.

It does appear, therefore, and probably the Ladies' Club of Noblesville will admit it, that the Americans straggle a good deal, and feel no special obligation to stick to one particular State, if they think they can find better sport in another. So it is all the more a credit to Indiana that it seems to hold the Hoosiers pretty close, and that those of them who go out and view the world, and serve in various high places, are apt to go home again in the end. No doubt there are hundreds of native Hoosiers in New York, but it can hardly be said that "the good Hoosiers" come to New York. They seem to stay at home. That's their peculiarity.

As to the "good New-Yorkers," and where they go, that is worth considering. It used to be said that good Americans went to Paris when they died, but that was thirty years ago. The more modern tendency is to go to London. The migratory habits of the very rich Americans are easily studied. Pretty much all of the excessively rich Californians seem to be living in New York or Europe. Rich Chicago people who get tired of Chicago build houses in New York or Washington, and summer-houses in New England. Ohio is a feeder for New York, Washington, and London. New York people who are cloyed with the life of their own town go into the country, or live on a yacht like Editor Bennett, or move to England like Mr. Waldorf Astor, or, like many others, have houses in various likely places—London, Paris, Rome, Florence, or Scotland—and still keep up a few establishments for occasional use at home. One general truth impresses the observer, that while the course of the star of empire is westward, the current of dollars spent in luxury and unproductive investment seems to run the other way.

It is true that this world is not our home, but our sojournings in it interest us in it as a place of temporary residence, and most of us like to have our ideas of places and people assume as much permanency as possible. We like to identify certain people with certain places, and however individuals may move about we like families to have places of permanent residence. It is an interesting question how far this identification of families with places is going to be possible in this country. During the present century, migration—especially migration westward—has been the habit of the country, and nowadays transportation is so cheap and communication so general that it is almost as easy to go somewhere else as it is to stay at home. The two classes of people who seem most likely to maintain permanent relations with localities are those who are too poor to get away, and those who are rich enough to go and come back. Everywhere the conditions of life and of industry, and the relative importance of places and situations, keep changing and compelling moves, and between the families that go to town to make a living and those that go to spend a fortune and those who leave town to save money, the art of staying at home seems to get finer and finer all the time, and the successful practice of it more and more unusual.

General William Starke Rosecrans, who died on March 11 at his home near Redondo in southern California, was one of the noted generals of the war who held high command and won high distinction. He was born in Delaware County, Ohio, in 1819, was graduated fifth in his class at West Point, and after serving eleven years in the engineer corps of the regular army, resigned (in 1854) and opened an office in Cincinnati. When the war came he promptly received a commission as Brigadier-General in the regular army, and a command of 11,000 troops in West Virginia. There he did well, repulsing General R. E. Lee, who tried to recapture the State. In 1862 he commanded a division under Pope in Halleck's army, presently succeeded Pope in command, was appointed Major-General of Volunteers, won the battle of Corinth, took command in October of the Army of the Ohio, and at the very end of the year beat Bragg in the noted battle of Stone River, wherein 108,000 troops were engaged. The battle of Chickamauga, in September, 1863, which was saved by Thomas from being a serious disaster, ended the more brilliant part of his military career. He was relieved from command, and Thomas, against his own protests, succeeded him. After serving for nearly a year in command of the Department of Missouri, he was left without a command during the rest of the war. In 1867 he resigned his commission in the regular army. For a year he served, by appointment of President Johnson, as United States Minister to Mexico, and about 1870 he moved to San Rafael, California, and resumed the practice of his profession as civil engineer. He served in Congress two terms, from 1881 to 1885, and from that time until about a year ago held the office of Register of the Treasury.

In Charles A. Dana's "Reminiscences," in the February number of *McClure's Magazine*, there is an interesting record of the impression General Rosecrans made on Mr. Dana, who was with him in the Chickamauga campaign of 1863. Mr. Dana says of him:

> While few persons exhibited more estimable social qualities, I have never seen a public man possessing talent with less administrative power, less clearness and steadiness in difficulty, and greater practical incapacity than General Rosecrans. He had inventive fertility and knowledge, but he had no strength of will and no concentration of purpose. His mind scattered; there was no system in the use of his busy days and restless nights, no courage against individuals in his composition, and, with great love of command, he was a feeble commander. He was conscientious and honest, just as he was imperious and disputatious; always with a stray vein of caprice, and an overweening passion for the approbation of his personal friends and the public outside.

This is an interesting estimate, whether or not it is just. It is proper to remember that it was made after Chickamauga, and not at a time when its subject appeared at the best advantage. As to General Rosecrans's patriotism, courage, and fidelity, as well as his very considerable talent, there never has been but one opinion. Personally he was very popular, and beloved by his soldiers, and liked by the generals and officers who served with him.

A good deal of light was thrown on current processes of making war news by the recent intelligence distributed by the *Times*, that Mr. Chamberlain, the war-news editor of the *Evening World*, was lying at his home in New Jersey, gravely ill with brain-fever. The nature of the war extras of the yellow papers has been so generally appreciated, and the process of getting them out has seemed so very simple, that probably few persons have realized that their issue involved any serious strain, except perhaps upon machinery—multiplex, million-a-minute presses, linotype machines, and devices for getting red and black inks upon plates in expedient contrasts. Mr. Chamberlain's collapse, however, shows that there is more to the "extra" business than that, and that it even involves something fit to be described as a mental strain. We are told that from the time of the *Maine* explosion until he broke down Mr. Chamberlain spent his days and most of his nights in turning out incessant designs for new extras, and worked himself into a state of mind which finally discovered itself about six o'clock on Saturday evening, March 12, in the appearance on the street of a *World* extra which announced in vociferous head-lines that war had been declared. It occurred to some one in authority that the announcement was premature, and if so, might be indiscreet, so this issue was called in, and arrangements were promptly made for Mr. Chamberlain to take a month's vacation. The next night brain-fever developed, a result of over-zealous solicitude for the promotion of his employer's interests.

It is to be hoped that this case may have induced better and more sensible methods in issuing extras. There is no need at all of such precipitation in the preparation of these wares. A better way is illustrated in every lunch-room where they serve batter-cakes hot to consumers. The batter is all prepared beforehand, the griddle is kept hot, and the cakes are issued to meet the demand. Such war extras as this unlucky Mr. Chamberlain has worn himself out over might just as well have been issued in an analogous way. They have been at all times gloriously independent of fact or actual occurrence, and could have been as well prepared calmly and by daylight hours, perhaps days before they were needed. Mix your batter, gentlemen, betimes, and if possible let it stand overnight. Have fifteen or twenty different pails of it if necessary, and then when you get ready let us have our extras prompt and hot, and in such succession as the market will stand. If a little real war news comes in, it can be sifted in at any time, and so much the better, but don't let faithful men wear themselves out on these things. Rather than have that happen, we could spare them altogether.

These many eons the Lowell Institute lecture course has been a source of erudition to the people of Boston, and has helped to account for their superior accumulations of knowledge. One of this season's Lowell lecturers has been Dr. William Everett, of Quincy, who has given a series of very popular discourses on poets. Any one would suppose that a Boston lecturer on poets would wish to be contemporaneous, and would consider Kipling, William Watson, Stephen Phillips, and Richard Le Gallienne; or if he preferred to stay at home, then Riley, Stedman, Aldrich, and Richard Watson Gilder. But Dr. Everett has done no such thing. Fearless of the reproach that his reading and appreciation are not "up to date," he has been turning back the clock and talking to the Boston moderns about the poetry their grandmothers read. He has lectured, at this writing, on Cowper, Crabbe, Scott, and Moore, and Campbell, Byron, and maybe others are still to follow. Dr. Everett can read poetry as well as talk about it and the writers of it, and the *Transcript* reports that his lectures have been very successful.

Captain Mahan is an accomplished gentleman, and the fact that he is the world's accepted authority on one great subject of current interest by no means warrants the conclusion that all his intelligence has been concentrated on that subject. He made an interesting address on March 15 at a Lenten service in an Episcopal church on Brooklyn Heights, wherein he told his views, or rather his experience, of religion. He said nothing novel or startling, suggested no new interpretations of Scripture or unusual theological deduction, yet his testimony, simple as it is, is interesting. His discourse, as reported, includes this passage:

> "My experience of life is that of one who has based his practice upon the full intellectual acceptance of the Christian faith as explicitly set forth in the historic creeds—the Apostles' and the Nicene creeds. In those and in the Word of God I have found and find not merely comfort and strength, but intense intellectual satisfaction."

Evidently Captain Mahan does not share the sentiments of those condescending thinkers who regard belief in the Christian faith as a valuable refuge for persons who are tired of thinking.

The new circular adopted at Pittsburg by the Permanent Temperance Committee of the Presbyterian General Assembly, to be issued to the presbyteries, suggests to church courts that it is their duty to "forewarn parents of the temptations that may beset their sons as they enter upon college life," but does not name or suggest any college in which those temptations seem to be more potent than in another. It does state that "the Presbyterian Church has long been teaching that temperance is total abstinence from intoxicants—not their moderate use—and that the traffic (in intoxicants), licensed or unlicensed, is a curse to be constantly combated by every Christian citizen."

That seems a sufficiently explicit statement of the attitude of the Presbyterian Church towards strong drink. It has the advantage of being easily understood. Perhaps it is worth noting, not as a basis of complaint, but in a spirit of friendly interest, that, judged by the standard of temperance thus determined, the Presbyterian fold must contain a very considerable number of intemperate sheep, and not a few intemperate shepherds.

As was anticipated, Dr. Andrew S. Draper declined his recent election as City Superintendent of Schools of Greater New York, and on March 16 the Board of Education elected to that important office Mr. William H. Maxwell, superintendent of the public schools of Brooklyn. Mr. Maxwell is serving his third term in his present office. He is a native of Ireland, where he was born in 1852. His father was a Presbyterian minister. He was educated in Ireland, is a graduate of the Queen's University, and for two years taught in the Victoria College for women in Belfast. He came to America in 1874, and became managing editor of the Brooklyn *Times*. In 1880 he began to teach school in Brooklyn, where, since 1887, he has been Superintendent of Public Instruction.

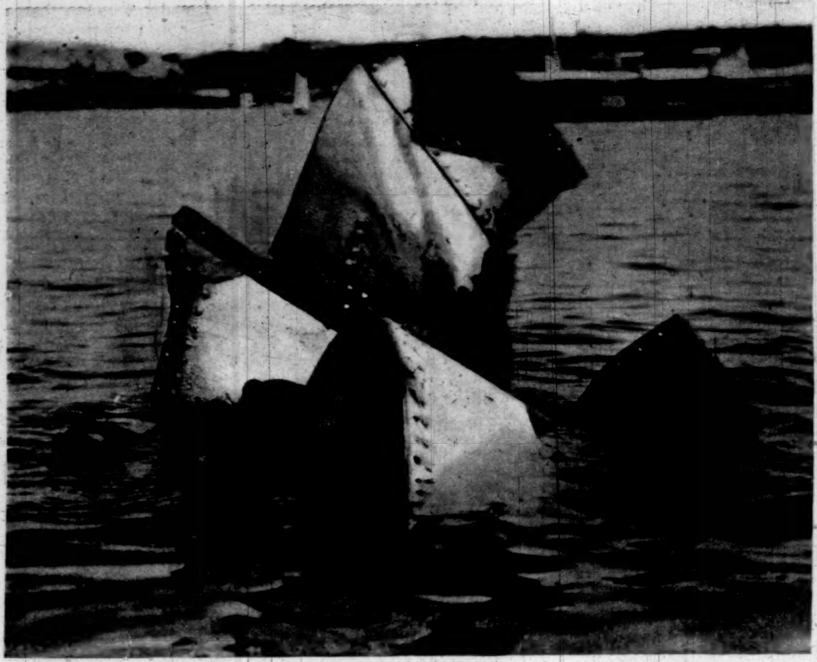
Aubrey Beardsley died of consumption at Mentone on March 16. Most unenlightened persons will remember him as the artificer of a line of drawings as unwholesome as ever got admittance to polite society. That, however, is doubtless a crude view to take of him. The company of his instigators and admirers included many persons qualified to hold opinions on matters of art, and though many other persons equally well qualified found his creations absurd, the inquiring layman must conclude that he had a talent worth developing, and which we must regret to see cut off. His success, such as it was, was astonishing, for his drawings are well known all over Europe and America, and his work was in active request, yet he was born in 1874 which makes him only twenty-four years old.

A Mr. Sandford of New Haven, described as "Yale's old centre rush and football coach," is quoted in the newspapers as being of a mind to enlist if there is war, and as of the opinion that "every old college football-player in the East will do the same." Mr. Sandford is a peace man, but he says that all the stalwart old Yale athletes whom he has seen are ready to respond to a call to arms, and he believes the country will find no stouter defenders "than the warriors who have gained courage on football fields."

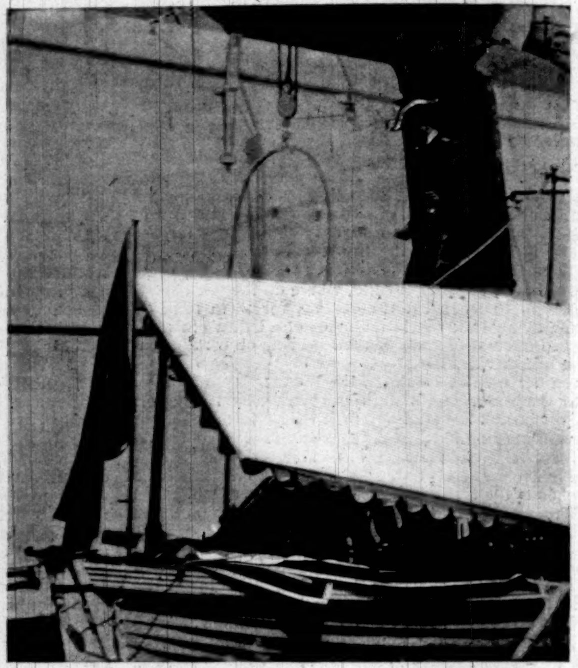
No doubt the football men would give a good account of themselves if it came to blows, though there is some reason to think that if our troubles with Spain should end in active hostilities, the heavy end of the conflict would fall not so much upon fighting-men as upon stokers. The value of football as a means of keeping alive a martial spirit in time of peace has been abundantly dwelt upon, yet, after all, the chief particular in which veteran football-players would be expected to excel as soldiers would be in the possession of superior physical endurance, and in that particular, if war came, they would compete not with students and young men somewhat delicately reared, but with the great body of working-men. The hard physical work of war is done for the most part by young men accustomed from an early age to physical labor. In the host of such men that are available for service the little army of football men would cut, numerically at least, a small figure. One of the interesting results of war would be the chance it would afford of ascertaining whether football has had a visible effect upon our military capacity. Of course, however, it wouldn't pay to hatch out a trouble on that account alone.

The gold medal of the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts, established in 1893 by Mr. John H. Converse, has just been awarded to two natives of Philadelphia, and former pupils of the Academy, Miss Cecilia Beaux and Mr. Edwin A. Abbey. Under the conditions of its foundation this medal is awarded, at the discretion of the Board of Directors, to American painters and sculptors in recognition of high achievement in their profession. The Academy is fortunate in having two representatives of its own schools who are so conspicuously fit to receive the honors in its gift.

E. S. MARTIN.



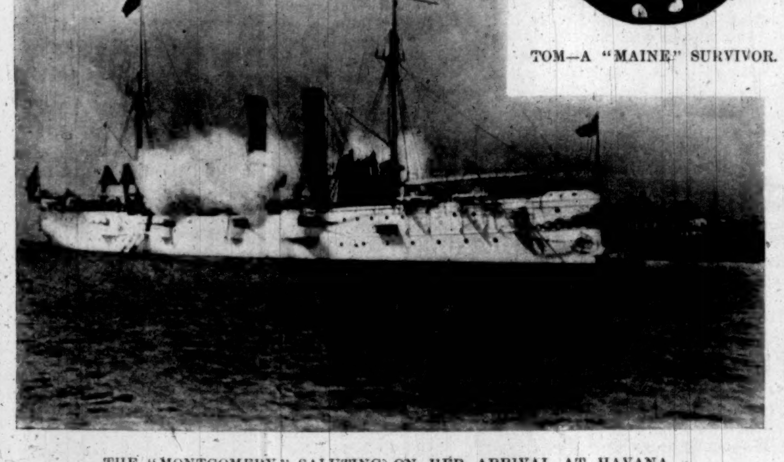
A VERY IMPORTANT PIECE OF WRECKAGE BLOWN UP FORWARD.



NAVAL COURTESIES—CAPTAIN KUKIN LEAVING THE "MONTGOMERY" AFTER AN OFFICIAL CALL.

WRECKERS AT WORK ON THE MIDSHIP SECTION OF THE "MAINE."

TOM—A "MAINE" SURVIVOR.



THE "MONTGOMERY" SALUTING ON HER ARRIVAL AT HAVANA.

ONE OF THE "MAINE'S" PLATES BLOWN UP FROM THE FORWARD PART OF THE SHIP.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—SCENES IN HAVANA HARBOR.—[SEE PAGE 294.]

DEATH AND THE CHILD.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

IV.

THE road moved around the base of a little hill, and on this hill a battery of mountain-guns was leisurely shelling something unseen. In the lee of the height, the mules, contented under their heavy saddles, were quietly browsing the long grass. Peza ascended the hill by a slanting path. He felt his heart beat swiftly; once at the top of the hill, he would be obliged to look this phenomenon in the face. He hurried, with a mysterious idea of preventing by this strategy the battle from making his appearance a signal for some tremendous renewal. This vague thought seemed logical at the time. Certainly this living thing had knowledge of his coming. He endowed it with the intelligence of a barbaric deity. And so he hurried; he wished to surprise war, this terrible emperor, when it was only growling on its throne. The ferocious and horrible sovereign was not to be allowed to make the arrival a pretext for some fit of smoky rage and blood. In this half-lull Peza had distinctly the sense of stealing upon the battle unawares.

The soldiers watching the mules did not seem to be impressed by anything august. Two of them sat side by side and talked comfortably; another lay flat upon his back, staring dreamily at the sky; another cursed a mule for certain refractions. Despite their uniforms, their bandoleers and rifles, they were dwelling in the peace of hostlers. However, the long shells were whooping from time to time over the brow of the hill and swirling in almost straight lines toward the vale of trees, flowers, and grass. Peza, hearing and seeing the shells, and seeing the pensive guardians of the mules, felt reassured. They were accepting the condition of war as easily as an old sailor accepts the chair behind the counter of a tobacco-shop. Or it was merely that the farm-boy had gone to sea, and he had adjusted himself to the circumstances immediately, and with only the usual first misadventures in conduct. Peza was proud and ashamed that he was not of them, these stupid peasants, who, throughout the world, hold potentates on their thrones, make statesmen illustrious, provide generals with lasting victories, all with ignorance, indifference, or half-witted hatred, moving the world with the strength of their arms, and getting their heads knocked together in the name of God, the king, or the stock exchange—immortal, dreaming, hopeless asses who surrender their reason to the care of a shining puppet, and persuade some toy to carry their lives in his purse. Peza mentally abased himself before them, and wished to stir them with furious kicks.

As his eyes ranged above the rim of the plateau, he saw a group of artillery officers talking busily. They turned at once and regarded his ascent. A moment later a row of infantry soldiers, in a trench beyond the little guns, all faced him. Peza bowed to the officers. He understood at the time that he had made a good and cool bow, and he wondered at it, for his breath was coming in gasps; he was stifling from sheer excitement. He felt like a tipsy man trying to conceal his muscular uncertainty from the people in the street. But the officers did not display any knowledge. They bowed. Behind them Peza saw the plain glittering green, with three lines of black marked upon it heavily. The front of the first of these lines was frothy with smoke. To the left of this hill was a craggy mountain, from which came a continual dull rattle of musketry. Its summit was ringed with the white smoke. The black lines on the plain slowly moved. The shells that came from there passed overhead with the sound of great birds frantically flapping their wings. Peza thought of the first sight of the sea during a storm. He seemed to feel against his face the wind that races over the tops of cold and tumultuous billows.

He heard a voice afar off. "Sir, what would you?"

He turned, and saw the dapper Captain of the battery standing beside him. Only a moment had elapsed. "Pardon me, sir," said Peza, bowing again.

The officer was evidently reserving his bows; he scanned the new-comer attentively. "Are you a correspondent?" he asked.

Peza produced a card.

"Yes, I came as a correspondent," he replied, "but now, sir, I have other thoughts. I wish to help. You see? I wish to help."

"What do you mean?" said the Captain. "Are you a Greek? Do you wish to fight?"

"Yes, I am a Greek. I wish to fight." Peza's voice surprised him by coming from his lips in even and deliberate tones. He thought with gratification that he was behaving rather well. Another shell, travelling from some unknown point on the plain, whirled close and furiously in the air, pursuing an apparently horizontal course, as if it were never going to touch the earth. The dark shape swished across the sky.

"Ah!" cried the Captain, now smiling. "I am not sure that we will be able to accommodate you with a fierce affair here just at this time, but—" He walked gayly to and fro behind the guns with Peza, pointing out to him the lines of the Greeks and describing his opinion of the general plan of defence. He wore the air of an amiable host. Other officers questioned Peza in regard to the politics of the war. The King, the ministry, Germany, England, Russia—all these huge words were continually upon their tongues. "And the people in Athens, were they—" Amid this vivacious babble Peza, seated upon an ammunition-box, kept his glance high, watching the appearance of shell after shell. These officers were like men who had been lost for days in the forest. They were thirsty for any scrap of news. Nevertheless, one of them would occasionally dispute their informant courteously. What would Servia have to say to that? No, no; France and Russia could never allow it. Peza was elated. The shells killed no one; war was not so bad. He was simply having coffee in the smoking-room of some embassy where reverberate the names of nations.

A rumor had passed along the motley line of privates in the trench. The new arrival with the clean white helmet was a famous English cavalry officer come to assist the army with his counsel. They stared at the figure of him surrounded by officers. Peza, gaining sense of the glances and whispers, felt that his coming was an event.

Later he resolved that he could with temerity do something finer. He contemplated the mountain where the Greek infantry was engaged, and announced leisurely to the Captain of the battery that he thought presently of going in that direction and getting into the fight. He reaffirmed the sentiments of a patriot. The Captain seemed surprised. "Oh, there will be fighting here at this knoll in a few minutes!" he said, orientally. "That will be sufficient. You had better stay with us. Besides, I have been ordered to resume fire." The officers all tried to dissuade him from departing. It was really not worth the trouble. The battery would begin again directly. Then it would be amusing for him.

Peza felt that he was wandering with his protestations of high patriotism through a desert of sensible men. These officers gave no heed to his exalted declarations. They seemed too jaded. They were fighting the men who were fighting them. Palaver of the particular kind had subsided before their intense preoccupation in war as a craft. Moreover, many men had talked in that manner, and only talked.

Peza believed at first that they were treating him delicately. They were considerate of his inexperience. War had turned out to be such a gentle business that Peza concluded that he could scorn this idea. He bade them a heroic farewell, despite their objections.

However, when he reflected upon their ways afterwards, he saw dimly that they were actuated principally by some universal childish desire for a spectator of their fine things. They were going into action, and they wished to be seen at war precise and fearless.

V.

Climbing slowly to the high infantry position, Peza was amazed to meet a soldier whose jaw had been half shot away, and who was being helped down the steep track by two tearful comrades. The man's breast was drenched with blood, and from a cloth which he held to the wound drops were splashing wildly upon the stones of the path. He gazed at Peza for a moment. It was a mystic gaze which Peza withstood with difficulty. He was exchanging looks with a spectre; all aspect of the man was somehow gone from this victim. As Peza went on, one of the unwounded soldiers loudly shouted to him to return and assist in this tragic march. But even Peza's fingers revolted; he was afraid of the spectre; he would not have dared to touch it. He was surely craven in the movement of refusal he made to them. He scrambled hastily on up the path. He was running away.

At the top of the hill he came immediately upon a part of the line that was in action. Another battery of mountain-guns was here, firing at the streaks of black on the plain. There were trenches filled with men lining parts of the crest, and near the base were other trenches, all crashing away mightily. The plain stretched as far as the eye could see, and from where silver mist ended this emerald ocean of grass a great ridge of snow-topped mountain poised against a fleckless blue sky. Two knolls, green and yellow with grain, sat on the prairie, confronting the dark hills of the Greek position. Between them were the lines of the enemy. A row of trees, a village, a stretch of road, showed faintly on this great canvas, this tremendous picture; but men, the Turkish battalions, were emphasized startlingly upon it. The ranks of troops be-

tween the knolls and the Greek position were as black as ink. The first line, of course, was muffled in smoke, but at the rear of it battalions crawled up and to and fro plainer than beetles on a plate. Peza had never understood that masses of men were so declarative, so unmistakable, as if nature makes every arrangement to give information of the coming and the presence of destruction, the end, oblivion. The firing was full, complete, a roar of cataracts, and this pealing of connected volleys was adjusted to the grandeur of the far-off range of snowy mountains. Peza, breathless, pale, felt that he had been set upon a pillar and was surveying mankind, the world. In the mean time dust had got in his eye. He took his handkerchief and mechanically administered to it.

An officer with a double stripe of purple on his trousers paced in the rear of the battery of howitzers. He waved a little cane. Sometimes he paused in his promenade to study the field through his glasses. "A fine scene, sir," he cried, airily, upon the approach of Peza. It was like a blow in the chest to the wide-eyed volunteer. It revealed to him a point of view.

"Yes, sir, it is a fine scene," he answered.

They spoke in French. "I am happy to be able to entertain monsieur with a little fine practice," continued the officer. "I am firing upon that mass of troops you see there a little to the right. They are probably forming for another attack."

Peza smiled. Here again appeared manners—manners erect by the side of death.

The right flank gun of the battery thundered; there was a belch of fire and smoke; the shell, flung swiftly and afar, was known only to the ear, in which rang a broadening, hooting wake of sound. The howitzer had thrown itself backward convulsively, and lay with its wheels moving in the air as a squad of men rushed towards it. And later it seemed as if each little gun had made the supreme effort of its being in each particular shot. They roared with voices far too loud, and the thunderous effort caused a gun to bound as in a dying convulsion. And then occasionally one was hurled with wheels in air. These shuddering howitzers presented an appearance of so many cowards, always longing to bolt to the rear, but being implacably held up to their business by this throng of soldiers, who ran in squads to drag them up again to their obligation. The guns were herded and cajoled and bullied interminably. One by one in relentless programme they were dragged forward to contribute a profound vibration of steel and wood, a flash and a roar, to the important happiness of man.

The adjacent infantry celebrated a good shot with smiles and an outburst of gleeful talk.

"Look, sir!" cried an officer once to Peza. Thin smoke was drifting lazily before Peza, and, dodging impatiently, he brought his eyes to bear upon that part of the plain indicated by the officer's finger. The enemy's infantry was advancing to attack. From the black lines had come forth an inky mass, which was shaped much like a human tongue. It advanced slowly, casually, without apparent spirit, but with an insolent confidence that was like a proclamation of the inevitable.

The impetuous part was all played by the defensive side.

Officers called, men plucked each other by the sleeve; there were shouts, motions, all eyes were turned upon the inky mass which was flowing towards the base of the hills, heavily, languorously, as oily and thick as one of the streams that ooze through a swamp.

Peza was chattering a question at every one. In the way, pushed aside, or in the way again, he continued to repeat it. "Can they take the position? Can they take the position? Can they take the position?" He was apparently addressing an assemblage of deaf men. Every eye was busy watching every hand. The soldiers did not even seem to see the interesting stranger in the white helmet who was crying out so feverishly.

Finally, however, the hurried Captain of the battery espied him and heeded his question. "No, sir! No, sir! It is impossible!" he shouted, angrily. His manner seemed to denote that if he had had sufficient time he would have completely insulted Peza. The latter swallowed the crumb of news without regard to the coating of scorn, and waving his hand in adieu, he began to run along the crest of the hill towards the part of the Greek line against which the attack was directed.

VI.

Peza, as he ran along the crest of the mountain, believed that his action was receiving the wrathful attention of the hosts of the foe. To him then it was incredible foolhardiness thus to call to himself the stares of thousands of hateful eyes. He was like a lad induced by playmates to commit some indiscretion in a cathedral. He was abashed; perhaps he even blushed as he ran. It seemed to him that the whole solemn ceremony of war had paused during this commission. So he scrambled wildly over the rocks in his haste to end the embarrassing ordeal. When he came among the crowning rifle-pits filled with eager soldiers he wanted to yell with joy. None noticed him, save a young officer of infantry, who said, "Sir, what do you want?" It was obvious that people had devoted some attention to their own affairs.

Peza asserted, in Greek, that he wished above everything to battle for the father-land. The officer nodded; with a smile he pointed to some dead men covered with blankets, from which were thrust upturned dusty shoes.

"Yes, I know, I know," cried Peza. He thought the officer was poetically alluding to the danger.

"No," said the officer at once. "I mean cartridges—a bandoleer. Take a bandoleer from one of them."

Peza went cautiously towards a body. He moved a hand towards a corner of a blanket. There he hesitated, stuck, as if his arm had turned to plaster. Hearing a rustle behind him, he spun quickly. Three soldiers of the close rank in the trench were regarding him. The officer came again and tapped him on the shoulder. "Have you any tobacco?" Peza looked at him in bewilderment. His hand was still extended towards the blanket which covered the dead soldier.

"Yes," he said, "I have some tobacco." He gave the officer his pouch. As if in compensation, the other directed a soldier to strip the bandoleer from the corpse. Peza, having crossed the long cartridge-belt on his breast, felt that the dead man had flung his two arms around him.

A soldier with a polite nod and smile gave Peza a rifle, a relic of another dead man. Thus he felt besides the clutch of a corpse about his neck that the rifle was as unhumanly horrible as a snake that lives in a tomb. He heard at his ear something that was in effect like the voices of those two dead men, their low voices speaking to him of bloody death, mutilation. The bandoleer gripped him tighter; he wished to raise his hands to his throat like a man who is choking. The rifle was clammy; upon his palms he felt the movement of the sluggish currents of a serpent's life; it was crawling and frightful.

All about him were these peasants, with their interested countenances, gibbering of the fight. From time to time a soldier cried out in semi-humorous lamentations descriptive of his thirst. One bearded man sat munching a great bit of hard bread. Fat, greasy, squat, he was like an idol made of tallow. Peza felt dimly that there was a distinction between this man and a young student who could write sonnets and play the piano quite well. This old blockhead was coolly gnawing at the bread, while he, Peza, was being throttled by a dead man's arms.

He looked behind him, and saw that a head by some chance had been uncovered from its blanket. Two liquid-like eyes were staring into his face. The head was turned a little sideways, as if to get better opportunity for the scrutiny. Peza could feel himself blanch; he was being drawn and drawn by these dead men slowly, firmly down, as to some mystic chamber under the earth, where they could walk, dreadful figures, swollen and blood-marked. He was bidden; they had commanded him; he was going, going, going.

When the man in the new white helmet bolted for the rear, many of the soldiers in the trench thought that he had been struck. But those who had been nearest to him knew better. Otherwise they would have heard the silken, sliding, tender noise of the bullet and the thud of its impact. They bawled after him curses, and also outbursts of self-congratulation and vanity. Despite the prominence of the cowardly part, they were enabled to see in this exhibition a fine comment upon their own fortitude. The other soldiers thought that Peza had been wounded somewhere in the neck, because, as he ran, he was tearing madly at the bandoleer, the dead man's arms. The soldier with the bread paused in his eating and cynically remarked upon the speed of the runaway.

An officer's voice was suddenly heard calling out the calculation of the distance to the enemy, the readjustments of the sights. There was a stirring rattle along the line. The men turned their eyes to the front. Other trenches beneath them to the right were already heavily in action. The smoke was lifting towards the blue sky. The soldier with the bread placed it carefully on a bit of paper beside him as he turned to kneel in the trench.

VII.

In the late afternoon the child ceased his play on the mountain with his flocks and his dogs. Part of the battle had whirled very near to the base of his hill, and the noise was great. Sometimes he could see fantastic smoky shapes which resembled the curious figures in foam which one sees on the slant of a rough sea. The plain, indeed, was etched in white circles and whirligigs like the slope of a colossal wave. The child took seat on a stone and contemplated the fight. He was beginning to be astonished; he had never before seen cattle herded with such uproar. Lines of flame flashed out here and there. It was mystery.

Finally, without any preliminary indication, he began to weep. If the men struggling on the plain had had time and greater vision, they could have seen this strange tiny figure, seated on a bowlder, surveying them while the tears streamed. It was as simple as some powerful symbol.

As the magic clear light of day amid the mountains dimmed the distances, and the plain shone as a pallid blue cloth marked by the red threads of the firing, the child arose and moved off to the unwelcoming door of his home. He called softly for his mother, and complained of his hunger in the familiar formulæ. The pearl-colored cow, grinding her jaws thoughtfully, stared at him with her large eyes. The peaceful gloom of evening was slowly draping the hills.

The child heard a rattle of loose stones on the hill-side, and facing the sound, saw, a moment later, a man drag himself up to the crest of the hill and fall panting. Forgetting his mother and his hunger, filled with calm interest, the child walked forward and stood over the heaving form. His eyes, too, were now large and inscrutably wise and sad, like those of the animal in the house.

After a silence, he spoke, inquiringly: "Are you a man?"

Peza rolled over quickly and gazed up into the fearless cherubic countenance. He did not attempt to reply. He breathed as if life was about to leave his body. He was covered with dust; his face had been cut in some way, and his cheek was ribboned with blood. All the spick of his former appearance had vanished in a general dishevelment, in which he resembled a creature that had been flung to and fro, up and down, by cliffs and prairies, during an earthquake. He rolled his eye glassily at the child.

They remained thus until the child repeated his words. "Are you a man?"

Peza gasped in the manner of a fish. Palsied, windless, and abject, he confronted the primitive courage, the sovereign child, the brother of the mountains, the sky, and the sea, and he knew that the definition of his misery could be written on a wee grass blade.

THE END.

HOW A FILIBUSTERING EXPEDITION IS LANDED.

FROM an experience gained in two successful filibustering expeditions, I can safely assert that the difficulty does not consist in effecting the actual landing, but in making the start. When once the Cuban coast is reached, there is nothing to fear; the whole thing becomes a picnic. The patrol of the coast by Spanish gunboats is entirely inefficient. The smart little filibuster can show a clean pair of heels to any of their boats. She is handled with coolness and dash, and the men aboard her are brimful of patriotism, and so sure of success that it is no wonder they almost always obtain it.

Now to tell something about one of these expeditions. It was about two o'clock in the morning of February — that our filibustering steamer picked up the members of the expedition. The place was in mid-ocean, and I will satisfy curiosity by saying it was about thirty-five miles from the nearest point of land. A tug-boat ran alongside of us and put on board some seventy men. Then we started for another rendezvous, where we were to pick up the boxes of arms and ammunition. It took us two days to reach the spot, and there a disappointment awaited us, for not a boat was in sight. How we strained our eyes and scrutinized the horizon! and how many times some fantastic cloud was mistaken for our boat! But the success of filibustering consists in being able to anticipate all kinds of *contre-temps*. Something had evidently interfered with our ship reaching this point, or remaining there if she had arrived; and to meet just such an emergency as this, a second place of rendezvous had been settled upon. And for this we started, everybody feeling confident that we should find our friends waiting for us. But again we were disappointed. There was not a sign of a boat. About thirty miles off, however, was a light-house, and we resolved to approach it and see if we could obtain any information of what we were beginning to call our "phantom ship." At a mile from the light-house we dropped anchor, and a boat put off to make inquiries.

It was over five hours before these men returned. Their excuse was that they had been chicken-hunting, and that the chickens, scared by so many strangers, had given them a long chase. Later on it transpired that two pretty daughters of the light-house-keeper had led the chase, so that the delay was easily accounted for. The sad part of it was that they had been unable to obtain any news of our boat, so, after much consultation, it was decided to revisit the first meeting-place. Great was the excitement of all on board when, early next morning, the lookout-man sang out, "Sail right ahead!" We had had so many disappointments that some of our number were at first inclined to be pessimistic, but as we got within hailing distance, and our signals were answered, and we knew it was our supply-ship, a long hurrah went up from our people!

Once alongside, the work of transferring the cargo was soon begun. It was a fine sight to see the ardor and alacrity with which this handful of "banditis," as the Spaniards would call them, set to work. In reality our party were good representatives of the Cuban upper classes. Doctors, lawyers, civil engineers, merchants, and an owner of a sugar-plantation worked away, not only at transferring the cargo, but also at filling the coal-bunkers, and all seemed to enjoy the novelty of the experience. By the following morning we had transferred to our little filibuster a complete cargo of boxes of arms and ammunition, and, exchanging salutes with our supply-ship, we started for our landing-place.

It was early on Sunday morning when we first sighted Cuba. The sea was like a mirror; the gorgeous tints of the dawn mingled with the azure of the Gulf water and spread over it myriad colors. In the distance the green coast loomed through a purple haze. The picture was so thrilling that all danger was forgotten in the rapture of the scene. Near us are two sailing-vessels, but of those we take no notice. A veteran of the ten years' war is at the bow, glass in hand. The orders are to get ready for the landing. While approaching the shore the lookout-man reports, "Smoke on the starboard quarter!" Instead of beating a hasty retreat, we wait to investigate, and presently discover that the stranger is a merchantman, so the boat is lowered and a party volunteer to go ashore and reconnoitre. In a very short time they come back and report everything favorable, and all start to busy themselves with unloading the precious cargo. While the work is proceeding, a voice is heard coming from the bushes on shore, then a shout of "Viva Cuba Libre," to which we answer, "Cuba expedicioneros." At once three coast-guards mounted on little mustangs make their appearance, and are welcomed by us with a chorus of "Viva Cuba libre." The joy seems to have intoxicated us all, for we are sure now that the expedition will never fall into the hands of the Spaniards. One of the coast-guards has already started to inform a Cuban force, encamped close by, of the arrival of the expedition. The steamer which we had sighted while approaching the land is by this time plainly seen to be an English tramp as she comes close in shore to satisfy her curiosity. Guessing our mission, she hoists her colors and salutes us with three blasts of her whistle, which we promptly answer. One hour and fifty minutes after reaching the coast the cargo has been landed, the boats are hoisted, and we sail away, amid the hurrahs of those on board, heartily answered by those who are left behind.

The barometer had begun to fall, but as yet caused little anxiety on board, as it might portend merely squally weather, and next day we were once more lying alongside of our supply-ship. On account of the rolling of the two vessels, we were obliged to proceed very slowly in the transfer of our cargo, and it was the following day before we were able to start to land our second expedition. The nearer we approached the Cuban shore the worse the weather became. Some of us had retired to the cabin to secure a little rest, when we were aroused at about an hour before midnight by the cry of fire—not a pleasant awakening on a vessel carrying three tons of dynamite. A lamp had exploded, but was fortunately thrown overboard without occasioning further damage, and quietness was once more restored. The superstitious sailors were inclined to look on this incident as an evil omen, but the effect was counteracted an hour afterwards by a large American eagle which majestically landed on our foremast.

The following night at about ten o'clock we sighted the light of Morro Castle, and altering our course, headed for our landing-place, which was not far from the city of Havana. Unfortunately, owing to the darkness and the rough weather, we were unable to make our port, and were compelled to put to sea again. The lookout-man announced a vessel approaching on our port bow, and at this interesting moment our steering-gear gave way. Fortunately, the accident was not serious and was quickly mended, and we put to sea without further incident. Next day we lay to out of sight of land, and that night once more headed for the light of Morro Castle. This time, in order to avoid repeating our error of the night before, we went so near to Havana that we were able plainly to distinguish the electric lights in Central Park. Two hours later we arrived at our destination. In two hours more, and in the midst of a driving rain, we had landed our second cargo and had again left the Cuban coast.

RAMON SILVA.

THE PUBLIC FINANCE OF SPAIN, 1895–1898.

WONDERFUL are the mysteries of financial management in a state verging on bankruptcy. The extravagancies of Egyptian and Turkish finance were long the envy of those who wished to get something out of nothing, and were willing to spend non-productively what their trusting lenders would give them. It was only the intervention of the European powers and the "financial control" that pricked the bubble of prosperous borrowing in Egypt, and by drastic measures proved that a debt was not a blessing, or public credit illimitable. Now it is Spain that is the financial wonder, and its relations to the United States, real and possible, make the question of its financial ability of more than ordinary interest.

Before 1882 Spain was suffering from financial troubles. The anarchist outbreak of 1873, the Carlist movement which did not come to an end till 1876, and the Cuban rebellion which was suppressed in 1878, had involved the credit of the state so deeply as to lead to a default in the payment of interest on the consolidated debt, and to embarrass the treasury in its ordinary transactions. During the reign of Alphonso XII. the annual revenue rose from 659,000,000 pesetas (a peseta = 19.3 cents) in 1876 to 873,700,000 pesetas in 1883, the average for the period being 765,400,000 pesetas. The expenditures, it is true, increased at a more rapid pace, and it was little comfort to be assured that the increase was necessitated by advancement in civilization, and was in part due to useful and reproductive investments. The budget accounts of War and Marine diminished, while that of internal improvements nearly doubled. Starting with an expenditure of 797,000,000 pesetas in 1876, the amount continued in excess of the receipts, attaining a maximum in 1882 with 906,500,000 pesetas. For the period 1876–1885 the annual average expenditure was 834,300,000 pesetas, or nearly 79,000,000 pesetas more than the revenues from all sources.

In the first ten years of the Regency, the receipts and expenditures were:

Year.	Receipts.	Expenditures.	Deficits.
	Pesetas.	Pesetas.	Pesetas.
1885–86	795,206,816	895,618,069	100,411,253
1886–87	814,603,151	940,133,469	125,530,318
1887–88	760,690,360	843,209,546	82,519,186
1888–89	713,123,339	854,544,196	141,420,557
1889–90	752,905,325	835,167,613	82,262,288
1890–91	753,911,974	894,165,851	77,253,877
1891–92	748,825,123	823,520,786	74,695,663
1892–93	719,498,794	767,855,381	48,356,587
1893–94	718,178,524	772,192,103	54,013,579
1894–95	754,320,577	779,569,917	25,249,340

Satisfactory as these results were toward showing an approach to a balance of receipts and expenditure, they were accomplished by means that, in the end, affected the revenue ability of the state. Lotteries, monopolies, and octrois are financial instruments of the Middle Ages, and discarded in most commercial countries. By the side of these antiquities were customs, land taxes, succession duties, and the sale of state properties. It was some of the regular taxes, direct and indirect, and the farmed monopolies that tended to give better returns. The increase was not sufficient to bridge over the difference between the receipts and expenditures. The budget on paper always balanced, or showed a small surplus; but the extraordinary credits accorded to each department during the year gave a deficit, which was covered by the issue of state bonds, or of temporary obligations issued to the Bank of Spain. Even with this annual drawback, the Minister of Finance, Navarro Reverter, believed a reduction of the debt could each year be effected. Indeed, he asserted that a conversion of the debt would afford a part of the saving needed for the financial equilibrium, and he had drawn the most favorable expectations of the near future—conditioned on peace at home and abroad.

In January, 1893, the debt of Spain was classed as follows:

	Pesetas.
Perpetual external at 4 per cent.	1,971,151,000
Perpetual internal " "	2,274,660,450
Redeemable " "	1,714,075,000

In addition there were sums due on public works and to employés amounting to 2,156,640 pesetas, making the total 5,962,043,090 pesetas, on which the annual interest and charges amounted to 271,150,858 pesetas. In this account, which is based upon official figures, are not included a small sum due to the United States (3,000,000 pesetas), the inscribed debts in favor of civil corporations and the clergy (725,836,000 pesetas), a floating debt of 195,516,000 pesetas, and obligations incurred on behalf of Cuba, of unknown amount, but placed at about 250,000,000 pesetas. The price quoted in London for the 4-per-cent. external bonds in 1893 fluctuated between 59¾ and 67½, and at the close of the year was at 63, returning to the investor somewhat more than 6 per cent.

It is somewhat significant that in the budget statement for the service of 1897–8 no mention is made of the capital of the public debt. But the *Estafeta* recently published the composition of the debt on January 1, 1898, and with it a statement of the Cuban debt. Since 1893 the capital of the home debt has not materially changed, and stood at 6,767,961,300 pesetas. There was a floating debt of 30,000,000 pesetas, and advances due to the Bank of Spain of 300,000,000 pesetas. The Cuban debt now amounted to 1,448,400,000 pesetas, or six times what it was estimated to have been in 1893. The annual debt charges on the entire amount of the two accounts, including interest, redemptions (*amortissements*), and loss in exchange on foreign payments, are placed at 527,185,659 pesetas—a very heavy item to be provided for in a budget of less than 800,000,000 pesetas. In these charges the Cuban debt calls for 87,718,000 pesetas each year.

The expenses of the war in Cuba have been charged against the "resources" of that island. For many years before the insurrection those resources had not been sufficient to meet the ordinary necessities, and in face of difficulties could not be made to meet the extraordinary requirements of war expenditures. In this dilemma recourse was had to credit—a credit nominally Cuban, but supported and strengthened by a guarantee from Spain. The deficits in the home revenue since 1891 had been met by expedients that were hardly defensible. The advances from the Bank of Spain and the tobacco monopoly company, originally destined by law to other extraordinary purposes, were used in part to obtain a balance in the budget. The bank had offered to loan to the state, without interest, 150,000,000 pesetas for a prolongation of its charter till 1921, and the Tobacco Company offered about one-half of this amount as an advance, these sums to be used for the completion of the new fleet, for army administration, and subsidies to railway companies. No further advances from these sources could be looked for without new concessions or special favors of too liberal a nature. The Cuban Treasury had since 1886 shown a deficit each year of nearly 25,000,000 pesetas, so little real basis for credit could be found in the island.

From the opening of the insurrection the demand for funds was pressing, and this is what was done: In February and March, 1895, the Sagasta cabinet obtained from the Bank of Spain 17,500,000 pesetas, which were advanced to the Cuban Treasury upon Cuban 5-per-cent. bonds of 1890. In April, 1895, the Castillo government induced the bank to make a further advance to the Cuban Treasury of 25,000,000 pesetas at 4½ per cent., with a guarantee in the shape of 35,000,000 pesetas of Cuban 6-per-cent. bonds of 1886. This was expected to carry on the Treasury till the middle of June. To provide further means an operation not dissimilar to the resort to the issue of bonds under our old law as practised in Mr. Cleveland's administration was entered into. In 1890 the Cortes had authorized a very large issue of Cuban 5-per-cent. bonds, on a guarantee of the customs and other revenue of the island. These bonds were to be used in funding the floating debts and arrears of the island, to withdraw the depreciated paper money, and to convert the outstanding Cuban 6-per-cent. bonds into the new securities bearing a lower rate of interest. The conversion scheme had never been carried into effect, and the ministry now proposed to use the bonds originally destined to that purpose, and amounting to 600,000,000 pesetas, as a pledge to procure advances to the Cuban Treasury. The Cortes authorized this act, and under it the Minister of Finance obtained 50,000,000 pesetas from the bank, which took the bonds at 80, and sold others (about 30,000,000 pesetas) in the open market, obtaining from 89 to 91 for the takings.

One result of these operations was to turn foreign exchange against Spain, imposing a heavy tax on her remittances abroad. These remittances were increasing, as the purchases of war material and the interest on the external debt called for immediate payment. In September Cánovas thought to remedy this disadvantage by inducing some French banks, which had on former occasions assisted the Spanish Treasury, to open a credit of 100,000,000 pesetas, on a promise of future concessions to Spanish railroads in which French capital was largely interested. The only result of this suggestion was a sale of 50,000,000 of these Cuban bonds to the Banque de Paris et Pays Bas—a sum hardly sufficient to meet two months' expenditures in Cuba. Further sales were made to the Bank of Spain, and in this way about 400,000,000 of the 600,000,000 pesetas were marketed, at about 80, before the opening of 1896. It was confidently anticipated that the balance could be placed before the end of June, 1896, under an expectation of a speedy reduction of the island, under the new viceroy, General Weyler.

This confidence appeared reasonable, granted the basis on which it rested—peace in Cuba. The bonds of that island had naturally been affected by the insurrection, the 6-per-cents. falling from 110 to 91, and the 5-per-cents. from 101 to 80. The well-known resources of the island were expected to begin to pay the interest on the debt within a few years after pacification, and indeed offered better promise than did the finances of the mother country. One difficulty was imminent—the expansion of the note issues of the Bank of Spain, due to the heavy advances made to the government on Cuban account, which threatened trouble unless the holding of an adequate specie reserve was enforced. Further, some internal discontent was arising in the manufacturing districts, whose best and often sole markets were to be found in Cuba and Puerto Rico. Even agricultural interests suffered a loss of trade, as the exports of breadstuffs to the colonies, always of importance, were almost disappearing. Diminished commerce affected the shipping, and the immense demand for transports could not make good this widely distributed dislocation and destruction of Spanish commerce, based as it was, even in natural conditions, on a high protective system.

In this situation was the budget for 1896–7 presented to the Cortes by Señor Reverter. He very judiciously maintained silence on the cost of the Cuban war, and confined his predictions and arrangements—chiefly predictions—to the home finances. The principal object to be attained was new resources of revenue and better returns from the old. The budget statement proposed to modify the regulations imposing the contributions on immovables, to increase the tax paid by industrial stock companies, to alter the succession duties, and to reorganize the system of octrois, which were farmed out, and under a contract having still three years to run. The special tax on distilled spirits, on sugars, all stamp duties, were also to be increased, or so changed as to bring new revenue. The tobacco monopoly, about to apply for a renewal of its privileges, agreed to pay a higher rental, and to advance to the Treasury 60,000,000 pesetas at five per cent., redeemable in twenty years. The Rothschilds came into a conditional agreement to make a loan upon the security of an extended lease of the Almaden quicksilver-mines, amounting to about 75,000,000 pesetas; and, finally, the shipping interests, somewhat favored by the hire of government, acquiesced in a navigation tax, which was expected to produce 12,000,000 pesetas. Here were expectations beyond the ordinary sources of revenue of 147,000,000 pesetas.

What was most suggestive in this scheme was the pronounced resort to monopolies, and the expressed intention of still further intrusting the collection of revenue to farmers for a long term of years. Authority was requested to place in the hands of companies to be formed for the purpose the state lottery for fifteen years and a salt monopoly for twenty-five years. The tobacco, stamps, matches, and explosives had been already farmed out, and it was admitted that better returns had followed than had been secured under state management. With the prospect of a large demand for money in the fall, it was felt that every available source of income should be touched, and the farming system was proposed as promising the highest results. Without it an appeal to the money-market would meet with poor offers.

The Cortes was prorogued in September, having conferred full authority on the ministry to use the state credit as needed. To establish that credit in banking centres outside of Spain, the parliament had passed the railroad relief measure, by which the government was empowered to give subventions to the railways and extend their privileges to 1980 as a maximum period, on condition that the roads should co-operate with the government in establishing a credit of 1,000,000,000 pesetas, with a general guarantee of the nation. Such a law was a curious attempt to mingle state loans with company management, and cannot be defended on any ground, financial or economic. Armed with this authority and backing, which practically gave power to negotiate a loan for 1,000,000,000 pesetas under a general guarantee of the Imperial Treasury, and perhaps a special mortgage on some state monopoly or source of revenue, the administration went into the loan market.

It was long since any government of Europe had undertaken so gigantic an operation in finance. France, when her war indemnity was paid, obtained by popular loan, and under circumstances that impelled every Frenchman to contribute according to his ability, had successfully placed two loans—one for 2,225,000,000 francs, and one for 3,478,000,000 francs. But French territory and nationality were at stake. Russia, in 1896, asked for 400,000,000 francs, and obtained them on the strength of her naturally great resources and her scrupulous regard for her foreign obligations. Here was a loan two and one-half times that of Russia, and offered by a country whose finances had long been deranged, and whose attitude toward her creditors had not been beyond reproach, and the security offered was a curious combination of state and railway companies—a combination resting upon a debt justly due from the state to the companies; one that should have been paid without any entangling conditions. The transaction stands almost unique in public finance.

It was expected that some share, and probably a large share, of the offerings would be taken by foreign money centres; but every attempt to effect an arrangement with the financiers, French and Belgian, to whom the most tempting terms were given, failed, and the ministry were obliged to look at the home markets for support. In November, 1896, the government invited offers for 400,000,000 pesetas at 5 per cent., redeemable after eight years, and secured by a pledge of the customs revenue. The loan was liberally subscribed for, and produced about 372,000,000 pesetas, much of which went to repay the loan from the Banque de Paris et Pays Bas, and some of the advances made by the Bank of Spain—an operation which placed in the hands of the minister some of the Cuban bonds pledged for this assistance, but left little real money at his disposal. The Cuban bonds thus obtained had greatly fallen in value, and an attempt to place them anew would still further depress them in the market.

The government was in this position when the Cortes assembled in May, 1897. Money was absolutely necessary for immediate use, and the available resources had been utilized as far as it was safe so to do without seriously affecting, if not destroying, the credit of the state. Monopolies might be created, but time would be required for their operation, and any advances made for the privileges granted would give but little real assistance to the Treasury. The most profitable of the monopolies had been already provided for, and the highest returns from them assured. What remained was of secondary importance from a revenue point of view. The bonds in the hands of the ministry were a doubtful asset, available only should general conditions favor their sale. After more than two years of borrowing, of pledging monopolies, and attempting a huge credit operation dependent upon the active and unselfish aid of corporations (the railroads) which had proved reluctant when the time came to act, the government turned to taxation. It offers one more instance of a nation staving off what is a necessary operation in war, because it forms the very basis of all credit, to a late day. Drastic taxation at the first would have supplied the means of supporting Spain's financial credit at home and abroad. In default of that, a mere exchange of securities, of new borrowings to pay old debts, and each new loan demanding heavier sacrifice, could not vitalize the ability to command offers wherever money could be had on fair terms. It is the usurer who profits in such transactions.

In the Cortes the path was cleared for the ministry by the withdrawal of the opposition. In a session of eight days the financial propositions of the government were carried—propositions admittedly "temporary makeshifts to meet the requirements of extraordinary circumstances at home and in the colonies." No formal budget was passed, as the constitution provides for an extension of the old budget in case the Cortes does not vote a new one. The ministry admitted there would be a deficit in 1897–8, and the additional revenue was to be obtained (1) by adding 10 per cent. to all direct and indirect taxation, except on landed property and on the coupons of the debt; (2) by creating monopolies in the fabrication, import, and sale of petroleum and all mineral oils, and the fabrication and sale of explosives. On these proposals depended the needed revenue, estimated as follows: 2,000,000 pesetas from the surcharge on direct and indirect taxes; 40,000,000 from the farmers of the petroleum privileges; and 16,000,000 from the explosives monopoly. Not only was the revenue from these objects held in view, but operations of credit based upon that revenue were contemplated.

It must be borne in mind that these figures are estimated, and the results may differ widely from the estimates, as they have so frequently differed in the past. The navigation tax, already described, had not produced one-half what had been expected from it; and the Rothschilds in the end refused to close a contract for the lease of the Almaden quicksilver-mines. Full powers were continued to the ministry to borrow money "to cover the expenses of the Cuban war, with the guarantee of the Imperial Treasury, and with a lien on such sources of the

Lieutenant-Commander Marix, U.S.N., Judge Advocate.

Lieutenant-Commander Potter, U.S.N. Captain Chadwick, U.S.N. Captain Sampson, U.S.N.

THE MEMBERS OF THE COURT OF INVESTIGATION ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE TENDER "MANGROVE," HAVANA.

ENSIGN W. V. M. POWELSON, U.S.N.
Expert Witness in the "Maine" Disaster.

LIEUT.-COM. RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, U.S.N.
Executive Officer of the "Maine" at the Time of Explosion.

CAPTAIN C. D, SIGSBEE, U.S.N.

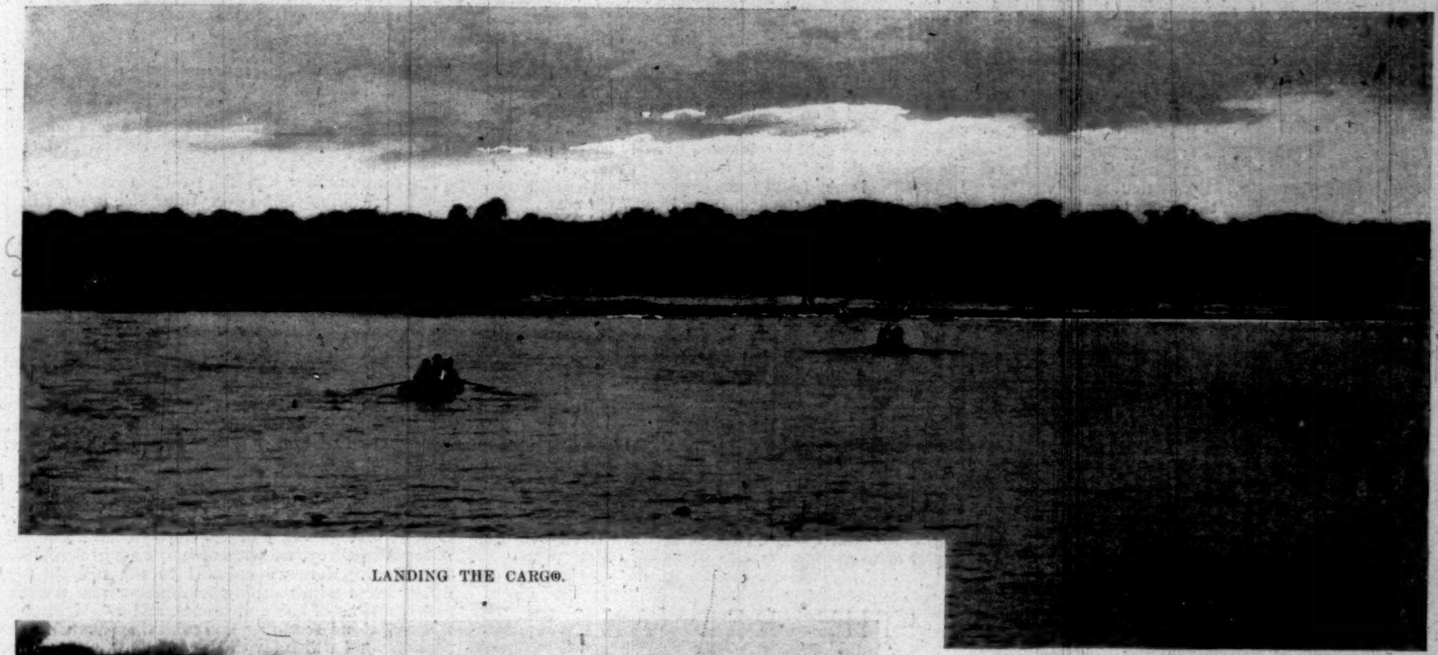
Captain Sigsbee. General Lee. Chaplain Chidwick.

DECORATING THE GRAVES OF THE AMERICAN SAILORS WHO WERE KILLED BY THE EXPLOSION ON THE "MAINE"—CHAPLAIN CHIDWICK'S INVOCATION.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—PROGRESS OF THE INVESTIGATION AND HONORS TO THE DEAD.—[See Page 294.]

THE FIRST BOAT ASHORE—JUST BEFORE SUNRISE.

THE CARGO ON THE SHORE.



LANDING THE CARGO.

THE LAST BOAT-LOAD.

TRANSPORTING THE CARGO INTO THE INTERIOR.

THE SUPPLY-SHIP.

LANDING A FILIBUSTERING EXPEDITION ON THE CUBAN COAST.—[See Page 298.]

revenue of Spain as might be considered necessary to secure the success of the loans." A similar power was granted for the cost of the Philippine insurrection, and both were conceded only on the assurance of the minister that they would involve temporary sacrifices on the Spanish Treasury, to be eventually reimbursed from the treasuries of the two colonies.

Supported by these measures, the Minister of Finance obtained a popular loan on bonds based upon a pledge of the Philippine customs, a resource thitherto almost unmortgaged. To sell a 6-per-cent. bond for 92, allowing liberal commissions to the banks, was not a very brilliant operation. Out of the proceeds of this loan a certain amount was credited to the Cuban fund, repayments of advances made out of the Cuban bond transactions. But the primary object of the loan was to defray the war expenses in the East Indies. For Cuban expenditures the ministry sounded foreign and home bankers, only to meet with disappointment. It became doubtful if anything could be obtained on the home budget, which required some bolstering from the outside to maintain an appearance of equilibrium. In its trouble, the Treasury appealed to the Bank of Spain, and the statement submitted was not one calculated to excite confidence. On Cuban account nine months' arrears were due to army, navy, civil servants, pensioners, and army contractors—arrears amounting to 400,000,000 pesetas. Marshal Blanco would require 20,000,000 pesetas each month on that account, and 40,000,000 pesetas monthly to defray expenses of war and the reorganization of the colonial militia—a necessary measure in his plan of campaign. Under an arrangement with the bank 200,000,000 pesetas in 5-per-cent. bonds were issued, supported by a pledge of the Spanish customs, and with this assistance the administration expected to meet the demands on Cuban account until April. The Cortes then to assemble would be expected to frame new plans for assisting the Cuban Treasury.

It will thus be recognized that the fiction of paying the cost of the war out of the Cuban Treasury has been maintained from the first, but when examined clearly it seems to have no foundation. It is Spain that has given the money, and Spanish resources that have been mortgaged to obtain this money. Upwards of 800,000,000 pesetas in 5-per-cent. bonds, redeemable at par in eight years, with the hypothecary guarantee of the Spanish customs revenue, have been issued since the outbreak in Cuba, and this represents about one-half of the real debt thus created. For 700,000,000 of the Cuban bonds authorized in 1890 have been issued since 1895, and nearly the whole of the two issues is held by Spaniards or Cuban loyalists. Naturally the final settlement of this debt will present very important and troublesome political and financial problems. In the royal decree establishing home-rule in Cuba and Puerto Rico the reference to this question was eloquent in its evasion of the real issue. It was intimated that the Spanish Parliament would later on be asked to "devise the means to cover the expense of the debt that burdens the Spanish and Cuban treasuries, and the debt that will have been contracted up to the close of the war; and in this law will be fixed the share corresponding to the two treasuries, and the special means to pay the interest and redemption, and reimburse, if needs be, the capital." Suppose Spain loses Cuba, as is most probable, what remedy have these bondholders outside of the Spanish Treasury? And if Cuba is annexed to the United States, would it not be necessary to quiet this claim by some important concessions from us? Certain it is that Cuba will be in no position to meet the interest on even a small part of the debt nominally Cuban.

Two points remain to be considered: the sources of ordinary revenue of the Spanish government and the situation of the Bank of Spain.

It has been shown that outside of new arrangements in certain monopolies the Spanish government has only lately touched the existing scheme of taxes and duties. On the elasticity of these imposts must depend the ability to obtain the money needed to meet the interest on the existing debt and that on the debt to be created. The receipts in 1895–6 were obtained from the following principal sources:

	Pesetas.
Land and building tax	139,475,000
Customs	111,478,000
Tobacco	89.996,000
Octrois	72,202,000
Stamp duties	47.918,000
Taxes on industrial and commercial companies	36,244,000
Exemption from military service	30,293,000
Succession and legacy duties	29,948,000
Retained sums on payments and pensions	25,227,488
Lotteries	22,480,000

No other single duties yielded as much as 20,000,000 pesetas. From alcoholic liquors only 2,366,000 pesetas and from sugar only 14,000,000 pesetas were obtained. The items named gave nearly 90 per cent. of the total revenue collected in 1895–6, and must be the sources to be further tapped for revenue, unless entirely new taxes be devised. The customs cannot be made more remunerative without a reduction in the present very high and protective tariff, framed in 1892, and any reduction would encounter violent opposition from the industrial interests now supposed to be benefited. Tobacco and stamp duties are as productive as they can be, as they are farmed out, and that means little relaxation of vigilance in collection. Lotteries are no longer a certain source of revenue, and taxes on legacies are not very elastic. The purchase of exemption from military service has brought in more than 100,000,000 pesetas in three years, but can hardly be regarded as more than a temporary resource, however profitable at present. The octrois are connected with local considerations which would make any change difficult and requiring time. So that in distilled spirits and possibly in sugar only can Spain expect to obtain additional revenue to any amount. Spirits are now very lightly taxed, and yet a new duty might fail by encouraging illicit manufacture or smuggling. Spanish financiers believe that the land tax could be made much more remunerative than it is, provided a new valuation (*cadastre*) be made, and greater rigor applied in its collection. To make a new apportionment would require years, and even then might prove no more satisfactory than the existing one, which is evaded by collusion of the assessors.

The results of the year 1896–7 gave a net revenue of 736,627,000 pesetas against 706,368,000 pesetas in the previous year, an increase due to the activity of the monopolies and temporary conditions, such as the imports of grain, because of the short home crops and the purchase of exemption from military service. Taxes in general showed a reduced yield, and it is only by regarding the immediate future in the most optimistic light that hope of an actual balancing of the budget can be entertained. The expenses, on the other hand, are increasing each year with the absolute certainty that belongs to permanent demands. An immense floating debt, liable to be called in any emergency, in itself constitutes a serious menace, as no form of indebtedness is so dangerous to the Treasury. Yet an economist of standing thus sums up the financial situation of Spain: "In spite of the existing crisis in Spain and her colonies, in spite of the errors of extreme protection, in spite of the abuses of administration, its financial position is already very favorable, and permits the supposition that with the natural resources of the peninsula, with the proof of vitality shown by its thrift, its middle class and its capitalists, in the domestic loans and enterprises of every description, the Spanish nation will find relief, and will be able to meet its obligations on the day it is no longer embarrassed by the Cuban question."

As the fiscal agent of the government, the Bank of Spain has borne the brunt of the financial burdens since 1895. Even before that year its position as a bank was peculiar, by reason of the immense advances it had made to the state. In July, 1894, its capital and reserve amounted to about 165,000,000 pesetas. It had given to the state a permanent loan of 150,000,000 pesetas, and in addition advances upwards of 620,000,000 pesetas secured by bonds and Treasury obligations of various kinds, no large part of which could be disposed of without creating a panic. As the deposits in the bank were only 350,000,000 pesetas, it will be seen that all the true resources of the bank, and the greater part of the circulating notes in excess, had been loaned to the government.

The circulation at this time was about 944,500,000 pesetas, and the holdings of specie were 428,000,000 pesetas, of which more than one-half, 230,000,000 pesetas, was in silver. Since 1894 the situation has become more critical. The amount of gold has increased nearly one-fifth, of silver one-eighth, and of circulating notes nearly one-third. In 1894 the issue of notes was excessive, for the depreciation as indicated in the exchanges was 27 per cent., and is now over 33 per cent. It is not discoverable how much of the government securities are at present held by the bank, but it has been so large that only a few months ago relief was made necessary, and a small part of the sums due to the bank was paid out of the current popular loans.

It would not be correct to look upon Spain as actually bankrupt. On the verge of it she must be, and her finances at home seem to be hopelessly deranged. Her 4-per-cent. bonds, which sold at 80 three years ago, are now quoted at 51, and the paper circulation is depreciated one third of its face value. From the experience of the United States a lesson may be learned. In July, 1864, the paper dollar ("greenback") had depreciated so far as to be worth only 38.7 cents in gold—a depreciation nearly twice that now reached by the Spanish note. Yet recovery of value was accomplished in one case, and it does not seem improbable that Spain could do the same when freed from the cancer of war.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXV.

MINE HOST RUNS HIS LAST RACE.

HEARTY were the greetings when the soldiers found us all safe and sound. They shook us again by the hand. They clapped us on the back. They examined professionally the dead who lay strewn about.

"A good stroke! Well smitten!" they cried as they turned them over, like spectators who applaud at a game they can all understand. Specially did they compliment me on my axe-work. Never had anything like it been seen in Plassenburg. The head of the yearling calf was duly exhibited, when the neatness of the blow and the exactness of the aim at the weakest jointing were prodigiously admired.

The good fellows, mellow with the Burgomeister's small-ale, were growing friendly beyond all telling, when in the light of the offertory taper, now growing beguttered and burning low, there appeared the Lady Ysolinde.

You never saw so quick a change in any men. The heartiest reveller forthwith became silent, and slunk behind his neighbor. Knees shook beneath stalwart frames, and there seemed a very general tendency to get down upon marrow-bones.

The Lady Ysolinde stood before them, strangely different from the slim willowy maiden I had seen her. She looked almost imperial in her demeanor.

"You shall be rewarded for your ready obedience," she said; "the Prince will not forget your service. Take away that offal!"

She pointed to the dead rascals on the floor.

And the men, muttering something that sounded to me like "Yes, your Highness!" hastened to obey.

"Did you say 'Yes, your Highness'?" I asked one of them, who seemed by his air of command to be the superior among them.

"Aye," answered he, dryly; "it is a term usually applied to the Lady Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg."

I was never more smitten, dazed, and dumb in my life. Ysolinde, the daughter of Master Gerard, the maid who had read my fate in the ink-pool, whom I had "made suffer," according to her own telling—she the Princess of Plassenburg!

Ah! I had it now. Here at last was the explanation of the threadbare and inexplicable jest of Jorian and Boris—"The Prince hath a Princess, and she is oft upon her travels!"

But what a Wendish barking about so small a bone! I have heard an emperor proclaimed with less cackle.

Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg—yes, that made a difference. And I had taken her hand—I, the son of the Red Axe—I, the Hereditary Justicer of the Wolfmark! Well, after all, she had sought me, not I her. And then, the little Helene—what would she make of it? I longed greatly to find an opportunity to tell her. It might teach her in what manner to cut her cloth.

The archers of the Prince camped with us the rest of the night in the place of the outcast crew. They behaved well (though their forbearance was perhaps as much owing to the near presence of the Princess as to any inherent virtue in the men of the bow) to the women and children, who remained huddled in the corners.

Then came the dawn, swift-foot from the east. A fair dawn it was, the sun rising, not through barred clouds, with the lightest at the horizon (which is the foul-weather dawn), but through streamers and bannerets that fluttered upwards and fired to crimson and gold as he rose.

We rode among a subdued people, and ere we went the Princess called for the Burgomeister and bade him send to Plassenburg the landlord, so soon as he should be found, and also the heads of the half-dozen houses on either side of the inn.

Then, indeed, there was a turmoil and a wailing to speak about. Women folk crowded out of the huts and kissed the white feet of the palfrey that bore the Lady Ysolinde.

"Have mercy!" they wailed; "show kindness, great Princess! Here are our men, unwounded and unhurt, that have lain by our sides all the night. They are innocent of all intent of evil—of every dark deed. Ah, lady, send them not to your prisons. We shall never see them more, and they are all we have, and our children. 'Tis they bring in the bread to this drear spot!"

"Produce me your husbands, then!" said the Lady Ysolinde.

Whereat the women ran and brought a number of frowsy and bleared men, all unwounded, save one that had a broken head.

Then Ysolinde call to the Burgomeister: "Come hither, chief of a thievish municipality; tell me if these be indeed these women's husbands."

The Burgomeister, a pallid, pouch-mouthed man, tremulously brick-dusty, like everything else in the village of Erdberg, came forward and examined the men.

"Every man to his woman!" he ordered brusquely, and the women went and stood each by her own husband—the men shamefaced and hangdog, the women anxious and pale. Some of the last threw a protecting arm about their husbands, which they for the most part appeared to resent. In every case the woman looked the more capable and intelligent, the men being apparently mere boors.

"They are all their true husbands—at least so far as one can know!" answered the Burgomeister, cautiously.

"Then," said the lady, "bid them catch the innkeeper and send him to Plassenburg, and these others can abide. But if they find him [illegible], they must all come instead of him."

The men started at her words, their faces brightening wonderfully, and they were out of the door before we could count ten. We mounted our horses, and under the very humble guidance of the Burgomeister, who led the Princess's palfrey, we were soon out again upon the high table-land. Here we enjoyed to the full the breezes which swept with morning freshness across the scrubby undergrowths of oak and broom, and the sight of misty wisps of cloud scudding and whisking about the distant peaks behind which lay the city of Plassenburg.

We had not properly won clear of the ravines, when we heard a great shouting and turmoil behind us—so that I hastened to look to my weapons. For I saw the archers instinctively draw their quarrels and bolt-pouches off their backs, to be in readiness upon their left hips.

But it was only the rabble of men and women who had been threatened, the dwellers in those twelve houses next the inn, who came dragging our brick-faced knave of a host, with that hard-polished countenance of his gone slack and clammy—slate-gray in color, too, all the red tan clean gone out of it.

"Mercy—mercy, great lady!" he cried. "I pray you, do execution on me here and now. Carry me not to the extreme tortures. Death clears all. And I own that for my crimes I well deserve to die. But save me from the estrappado, from the torment of the rack. I am an old man, and could not endure."

The Lady Ysolinde looked at him, and her emerald eyes held a steely glitter in their depths.

"I am neither judge nor—" I think she was going to say "executioner," but she remembered in time, and for my sake was silent, which I thought was both gracious and charming of her. She resumed in a softer tone: "What sentence, then, would you desire, thus confessing your guilt?"

"That I might end myself over the cliff there!" said the innkeeper, pointing to the cliff along the edge of which we were riding.

"See, then, that he is well ended!" said the Princess, briefly, to Jorian.

"Good!" said Jorian, saluting.

And very coolly betook himself to the edge of the cliff, where he primed his piece anew and blew up his match.

"Loose the man and stand back!" cried the Princess.

A moment he stood nerving himself. A moment he hung on the thin edge of his resolve. The slack gray face worked convulsively; the white lips moved; the hands were gripped close to his sides, as though to run a race. His whole body seemed to shrink and fall in upon itself.

"The torture! The terrible torture!" he shrieked aloud, and ran swiftly from between the men who had held him. Between the path and the verge of the cliff from which he was suffered to cast himself there stretched some thirty or forty yards of fine green turf. The old man ran as though at a village fair for some wager of slippery pig's tail, but the face of him was like Death and Hell following after.

At the cliff's edge he leaped high into the air, and went headlong down, to our watching eyes as slowly as if he sank through water. None of us who were on the path saw more of him. But Jorian craned over, regarding the man's end calmly, and even critically. And when he had satisfied himself that that which was done was properly done, as coolly as before he stowed away his match in his cover-fire, mounted his horse, and rode toward us.

He nodded to the Princess. "Good, my Lady!" quoth he, for all comment.

"I saved a charge that time!" said he to his companion.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

"AT THE CLIFF'S EDGE HE LEAPED HIGH INTO THE AIR, AND WENT HEADLONG DOWN."

"Good!" quoth Boris, in his turn.

We had now a safe and noble escort, and the way to Plassenburg was easy. The face of the country gradually changed. No more was it the gray, wistful plain of the Wolfmark upon which our Red Tower looked down. No more did we ride through the marly, dusty, parched lands, in which were the ravines and cavern villages, of which Erdberg was the chief. But green, well-watered valleys and mountains wooded to the top lay all about us—a pleasant land, a fertile land, and, as the Princess had said, a land in which the strong hand of Karl the Prince had long made "the broom-bush keep the cow."

I had all along been possessed with great desire to meet the Prince of so noble and well-cared-for a land, and perhaps also to meet the husband of so extraordinary a Princess.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRINCE JEHU MILLER'S-SON.

FOR now when she was in her own country, and as good as any queen thereof, I found the Lady Ysolinde in no wise different from what she had been in the city of Thorn and in her father's house. She called me often to ride beside her, Helene being on my other side, while the Lubber Fiend, who had saved all our lives, gambolled about, and came to her to be petted like a lapdog of some monstrous sort. He licked his lips and twisted his eyes in ecstasy till only the whites were visible whenever the Princess laid her hand on his head, so that it was as much as the archers of the guard could do to hide their laughter in their beards. But hide it they did, having a wholesome awe of the emerald eyes of their mistress, or perhaps of the steely light which sometimes came into them.

It was growing twilight upon the third day (for there were no adventures worth dwelling upon after that among the cavern dwellings of Erdberg), when for the first time we saw the towers of Plassenburg crowning a hill, with its river winding slow beneath. We were yet a good many miles from it, when down the dusty road towards us came a horseman, and fifty yards or so behind him another.

"The Prince—none rides like our Karl!" said Jorian, under his breath, but withal proudly.

"He comes alone!" said I, wonderingly. For indeed Duke Casimir of the Wolfsberg never went ten lances' length from his castle without a small army at his tail.

"Even so!" replied Jorian; "it is ever his custom. The officer who follows behind him has his work cut out—and basted. Not for nothing is our Karl called Prince Jehu Miller's-Son, for indeed he rides most furiously."

Before there was time for more words between us, a tall, grim-faced, pleasant-eyed man of fifty rode up at a furious gallop. The first thing I noticed about him was that his hair was exactly the same color as his horse—an iron gray, rusty a little, as if it had been rubbed with iron that had been years in the wet.

He took off his hat courteously to the Princess.

"I bid you welcome, my noble lady," said he, smiling; "the cages are ready for the new importations."

The Lady Ysolinde reached a hand for her husband to kiss, which he did with singular gentleness. But, so far as I could see, she neither looked at him even once, nor yet so much as spoke a word to him. Presently he questioned her directly: "And who may this fair young damsel be who has done me the honor to journey to my country?"

"She is Helene, called Helene Gottfried of Thorn, and has come to be one of my maids of honor," answered the Lady Ysolinde, looking straight before her into the gathering mist, which began to collect in white ponds and streaks here and there athwart the valley.

The Prince gave the Little Playmate a kindly ironic look out of his gray eyes, which, as I interpreted it, had for meaning, "Then God help thee, little one—'tis well thou knowest not what is before thee."

"And this young man?" said the Prince, nodding across to me.

But I answered for myself.

"I am the son of the Hereditary Justicer of the Wolfmark," said I. "I had no stomach for such work. Therefore, as I was shortly to be made my father's assistant, I have brought letters of introduction to your Highness, in the hopes that you will permit me the exercise of arms in your army in another and more honorable fashion."

"I have promised him a regiment!" said the Princess, speaking quickly.

"What—of leaden soldiers?" answered the Prince, looking at her mighty soberly.

"Your Highness is pleased to be brutal," answered the Lady Ysolinde. "It is your ordinary idea of humor!"

A kind of quaint humility sat on the face of the Prince.

"I but thought that your Highness could have nothing else in her mind—seeing that our Plassenburg regiments will only accept men of some years and experience to lead them. But the little soldiers of metal are not so queasy of stomach."

"May it please your Highness," said I, earnestly, "I will be content to begin with carrying a pike, so that I be permitted in any fashion to fight against your enemies."

Jorian and Boris came up and saluted at this point, like twin mechamguard. Then they stood silent and waiting.

The Prince nodded in token that they had permission to speak.

"With the sword the lad fights well," said Boris. "Is it not so, Jorian?"

"Good!" said Jorian.

"And with the broad axe he slashes about him like an angel from heaven—not so, Boris?" said Jorian.

"Good!" said Boris.

"Can you ride?" said the Prince.

"Aye, sire," said I. For indeed I could, and no shame to say it.

"That horse of his is blown; give him your fresh one!" said he to the officer who had accompanied him. "And do you show these good folk to their quarters."

Hardly was I mounted before the Prince set spurs to his beast, and, with a casual wave of his hand to the Princess and her train, he was off.

"Ride!" he cried to me. And was presently almost out of sight, stretching his horse's gray belly to the earth like a courser dog after a hare.

Well was it for me that I had learned to ride in a hard school—that is, upon the unbroken colts which were brought in for the mounting of the Duke Casimir's soldiery. For the horse that I had been given took the bit between his teeth and pursued so fiercely after his stable companion that I could scarce restrain him from passing the Prince. But our way lay homeward, so that though I was in no way able to guide or control my charger, yet presently the Prince and I were clattering through the town of Plassenburg like two fiends riding headlong to the pit.

Within the town the lamps were being lit in the booths, the folks busy marketing, and the watchmen already perambulating the city and crying at the street corners.

But as the Prince and I drove furiously through, like pursuer and pursued, the busy streets cleared themselves in a twinkling, and we rode through lanes of faces yellow in the lamp-light, or in the darker places blurs of scrabbled whiteness. So I leaned forward and let the beast take his chance of uneven causeway or open sewer. I expected nothing less than a broken neck, and for at least half a mile as we flew upwards to the castle I think that the certainty of naught worse than a broken arm would positively have pleasured me. At least I would very willingly have compounded my chances for that.

Presently, without drawing rein, we flew beneath the dark outer port of the castle, clattered through a court paved with slippery blocks of stone, thundered over a noble drawbridge, plunged into a long and gloomy archway, and finally came out in a bright inner palace court with lamps lit all about it.

I was at the Prince's bridle ere he could dismount.

"You can ride, Captain Hugo Gottfried!" he said. "I think I will make you my orderly officer."

And so he went within, without a word more of praise or welcome.

There came past just at that moment an ancient councillor clad in a long robe of black velvet, with broad facings and rosettes of scarlet. He was carrying a roll of papers in his hand.

"What said the Prince to you, young sir, if I may ask without offence?" said he, looking at me with a curiously sly upward glance out of the corner of his eye, as if he suspected me of a fixed intention to tell him a lie in any case.

"If it be any satisfaction to you to know," answered I, rather piqued at his tone, "the Prince informed me that I could ride, and that he intended to make me his orderly officer. And he called me not 'young sir,' but Captain Hugo Gottfried."

"How long has he known you?" said the Chief Councillor of State. For so by his habit I found him to be.

"Half an hour or thereby," answered I.

"God help this kingdom!" cried the old man, tripping off, flirting his hand hopelessly in the air. "If he had known you only ten minutes you would have been either Prime Minister or Commander-in-Chief of the army."

It was in this strange fashion that I entered the service of the Prince of Plassenburg—a service which I shall ever look back upon with gratitude, and count as having brought me all the honors and most of the pleasures of my life.

Half an hour or more afterwards the blowing of trumpets and the thunder of the new leathern cannon announced that the Princess and her train were entering the palace. The Prince came down to greet them on the threshold in a new and magnificent dress.

"The Prince's officer-in-waiting to attend upon his Highness!" cried a herald in fine raiment of blue and yellow.

I looked about for the man who was to be my superior in my new office—that is, if Prince Karl should prove to have spoken in earnest.

"The Prince's orderly to attend upon him!" again proclaimed the herald, more impatiently.

I saw every eye turn upon me, and I began to feel a gentle heat come over me. Presently I was blushing furiously. For I was still in my riding-clothes, and even they had not been changed after the adventure of the

Brick-dust Town. So that they were in no wise fitting to attend upon a mighty Prince.

The Prince of Plassenburg looked round.

"Ha!" he said, "this is not well—I had forgotten. My orderly ought to have been duly arrayed by this time."

"Pardon, my Prince," said I, "but all the apparel I have is upon my sumpter-horse, which comes in the train of the Princess."

My master looked right and left in his quickly imperious and yet humorous manner.

"Here, Count von Reuss," he said, to a tall, handsome, heavily jowled young man, "strip off thy fine coat for an hour, and lend it to my new officer-in-waiting. The ladies will admire thee more than ever in thy fine flowered waistcoat, with silk sleeves and purfles of lace!"

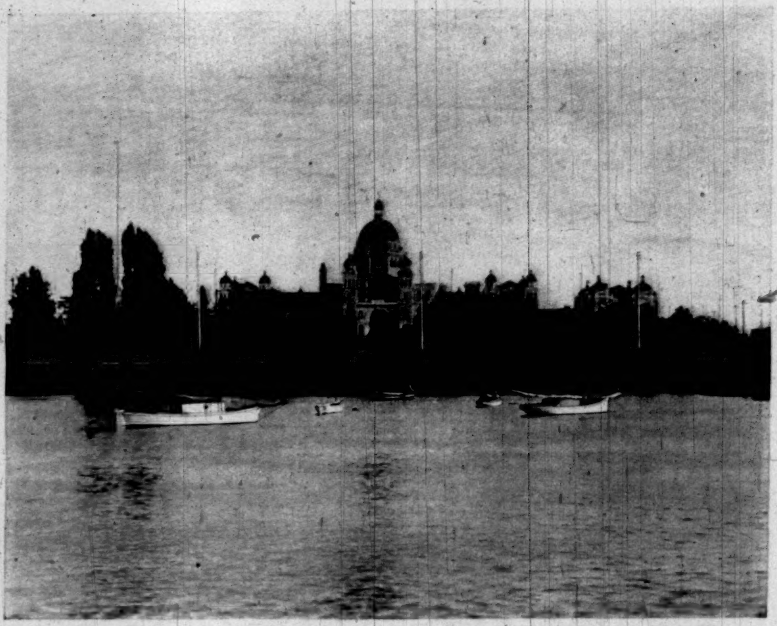
The young man, von Reuss, looked as if he desired much to tell the Prince to go and be hanged. But there was something in the bearing of Karl of Plassenburg—usurper, as they called him—the like of which for command I have never seen in the countenance and manner of any lawfully begotten prince of the world.

So, beckoning me into an antechamber, and swearing evilly under his breath all the time, the young man stripped off his fine coat, and offered it to me with one hand, without so much as looking at me. He gave it, indeed, churlishly, as one might give a dole to a loathsome beggar to be rid of his importunity.

"I thank you, sir," said I, "but more for your obedience to the Prince than for the fashion of your courtesy to me."

Yet for all that he answered me never a syllable, but turned his head and played with his mustache, till his man-servant brought him another coat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B. C.—FROM ACROSS THE BAY.—[SEE PAGE 306.]

MUSIC.

HOSTESS QUICKLY, it will be remembered, had a soul above little theological hinderances. "What's a joint of mutton or so in a whole Lent?" she exclaims with scorn. The days when concert performances between Ash-Wednesday and Easter meant a few routine matters smuggled in, without any one's thinking of referring to the season by their circulars, are bravely past. The musical joints of mutton are very large, and their cuts are ticketed "Lenten" amusingly. Awhile ago we had only Lenten lectures and evening classes and so forth. Now we have "Lenten orchestral concerts" (even the Chicago Orchestra employs that term), we have "Lenten" piano-forte recitals, we have "Lenten violoncello recitals," and "Lenten" matinées of chamber music, "Lenten song-concerts," and dear knows what not, all labelled with the same dubious suitability. Really it is a wonder that we have not yet "Lenten" comic opera, and Holy-Week vaudevilles—so temporal rather than spiritual a meaning does the word seem to possess in the minds of managers of music. It would be well to allow this overworked reference to remain in the dictionary, or at least in its proper company, unless—as some needlessly æsthetic enthusiasts would have the world believe—art and religion are tantamount.

A mighty satisfaction was felt by Tammas Haggart, of Thrums, in his "sense o' humor." The outcomes—and incomes—of local musical projects often can be viewed with most philosophy if we call to our aid just as much good-nature as we can warm up. The proceedings of the latest (but, we hope, not last) plan to establish a new local concert-orchestra on an endowed basis, or (as the misapplied term goes) to make a "permanent" symphony-band here, certainly need whatever laughter and cheerful satire may be expended on the affair by persons who have grieved in their hearts that seemingly a pleasant-sounding scheme is spoiled as neatly as possible. By a fine touch of absurdity, almost exactly the thing was done to ruin it of which the promoters of it should have called out to each other their loudest "'Ware!" Two of the essential conditions of a good concert-orchestra, such as was mooted, are its separation from hack-work, operatic or other, and money enough as a foundation to make that sort of engagements wholly foreign to the members. The fund for the orchestra, pledged from one source here or from another source there, while large and literally promising, did not roll up to the needed million dollars that was judiciously urged by several workers for the scheme. Mr. Grau, being in this city at the time, occupied with arranging his long operatic campaign for next winter at the Metropolitan, saw his opportunity. Mr. Grau offered to hire the new band for his entire season, quite as he hires Mr. Anton Seidl for conductorial work. As Mr. Seidl's musical situation in New York (with all sorts of announcements and rumors thrown into the balance) has from the first been a special bit of politics entering into the plan—and not to its best aspects—the proposal of Mr. Grau was delightfully attractive to the new orchestra's pioneers. The committees in power at last accounts had closed with Mr. Grau's offer. Thus passes over their orchestra to the Metropolitan's arduous seventeen weeks of opera service, not to speak of whatever else may go with Mr. Grau's practical control of it for his work.

Comment is superfluous. The zealous ladies and gentlemen have wasted their time and enthusiasm. What have they done except, like *Hamlet's* "famous ape," to unpeg the basket into which they had crept, and break their own necks down? What kind of physical condition an orchestra can be kept in, how much time and nerve vigor it will have for fine concert-work, when it is the Metropolitan's band—and, we suspect, largely the Metropolitan's old band—beginning work in November and ending it in the spring? Some seventy performances are to be played, and Sunday concerts and what not besides. The relations of a concert-band to precisely such special and mechanical outside duty have already been indicated in a discussion here. To commit a concert-orchestra to them is ruinous. Much better were it to dismiss the scheme. It is not in any lack of appreciation of the merits of Mr. Seidl as a director of Wagner's operas to regret the obvious mixture of special and superfluous zealotism for Mr. Seidl's share in the project from the first. The plan should have been impersonal. There are other and better concert-leaders than Mr. Seidl. Overstocked as we are with foreign musicians, it would even be better to import another one. The announcement that the new orchestra is named and to be incorporated is, all the same, courageously made. Its title will be "The Orchestra of New York." Under the circumstances, this is assuming a good deal. "The Orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera-House for 1898-99" would be better. Certain concerts from it are, indeed, promised to occur at such times of the year as are most practicable, because not in conflict with its duty to Mr. Grau and to the Metropolitan. But enough real superiority to average good work from the different concert-bands now busy here is not to be expected. A new name for just the same instrumentalists heard otherwise, and busy earning their bread, butter, and fiddle-strings as they are earning it now, will not change the amusing aspect of Mr. Grau's swift and exquisitely skilful *coup d'état.*

The visit of the Chicago Orchestra is not concluded as these lines are written. But the impression of its superb quality can hardly be more definite than it has already become, even with the last programmes to be played through. A great many people must have felt that the climax of the season had not come until that afternoon concert at which Rimsky-Korsakov's gorgeous "Sherzâd" Suite was played (for the first time here including its second movement, "The Story of the Calendar") and Richard Strauss's even more gorgeous and complex "Thus Spoke Zarathushtra," heard for the second time locally. Each was given with a virtuosity that not only did splendid justice to such rich orchestral devices, but was more interpretative of such extraordinary works than were preceding performances here under other leadership and by another splendid orchestra. Too much praise can hardly be given to the precision and sentiment of certain individual musicians in the band. That to the actual Chicago fraternity had to be added a contingent of local instrumentalists for some effects that the peculiar programme in question demanded does not alter the measure of individual honor to the Chicagoans. Mr. Thomas held under control both his own men and the temporary aids as few even as great conductors so potently can do. It was not strange that the huge audience became roused to a degree of enthusiasm worthy of the occasion, again and again—after the Suite and the Strauss tone-poem, in which modernity, the splendor of up-to-date instrumental diction, the glow and quiver and bedazzlement of sheer sensuous musical effect, cannot farther go. Hearing such, we soon become careless of how far they really carry out a descriptive programme or merely suggest it; the listener sits thrilled and amazed. And that interpretation of Brahms's Second Symphony on last Wednesday night—what a lecture on the contents of that great work of the last master-symphonist it was! It is one way of estimating the virtues of the Chicago Orchestra, and of recognizing the old-time breadth of its present leader's mind, that the demands of the latest elaborateness are met as effectively—without less impressiveness—as the simpler-stated and far profounder music of the art's earlier and brighter day.

Of young Mr. Hofmann it is now fairer and easier to speak critically than it was a fortnight ago. He has appeared in several orchestral concerts and—a finer touchstone—at his recitals mentioned previously. His measure is manifest. He is still distinctly a *young* pianistic prodigy—not an infant one (as he might have been called when with us ten years ago), but still a young prodigy. Far from mature as an interpretative musician, obviously undeveloped in his sense of the psychic in music, he is a pianist of unusually finished technic, a performer unusual in his hand, in his touch, in a muscular security and vigor that give noble effectiveness to his dynamics. He plays chords, especially, with a solidity and clearness that haunt the ear. His runs are crystalline; his octaves dazzle. All the lighter outward equipment of his profession this boy—for boy he yet is—seems to have at his fingers' ends. Dignity, repose, and fire each enters, at times, wondrously, into the work of so boyish a pianist. But having said all this, there let us pause and trust to the discretion of our ears and common-sense. The lad has not depth of musical insight, by any means, more than have dozens of other young players all the world over. He does not feel music half so much as he thinks about his playing of it. He is yet to come into the best part of his inheritance—musical emotionality. Rubinstein with him is the piano's pedal and key-board; Saint-Saëns is so, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin—everybody is more or less so. The deeps of music, the eloquence of its gravest speech, he does not perceive nor point. No; as he is, he is a wonderful young pianist, greatly advanced on his little-boy identity, but yet with a whole ocean of sentiment not in his surmise. The heart and the mind of artistic manhood, the lights and shadows of life, they alone make the pianist a musician. They alone teach the player the message between the lines on the page. How should it be otherwise with young Hofmann, unless his whole boyhood be his undoing? What error to expect anything at—is it here the age of eighteen, twenty, or what other? "We

LEGISLATIVE HALL, NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B. C.—[SEE PAGE 306.]

ACCEPTED.

AN APPLICANT.

NOT WANTED

INCREASING THE ARMY—SCENES AT A RECRUITING-OFFICE IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

"learn in suffering what we teach in song." The pianist may be made. The musician, too, is made, but made by other than professional teaching. Josef Hofmann has yet to be so instructed. Let us be glad, for his sake, that such seems his fortune. The inward lessons will probably come soon, and will multiply impressively enough. Meantime a young player, nearly with his perfected technical sensibilities and power, he is a creature to hear with constant surprise, some respect, and many silent and yet unrealized expectations of his gift and career. At present the fashionable and too largely undiscerning admiration for the young man suggests Trumbull's observation that—

Optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE new Parliament buildings at Victoria, British Columbia, which were formally dedicated with impressive ceremonies on February 10, are the handsomest public edifices on the Pacific coast, though they cost about one-quarter the amount spent on the City Hall at San Francisco. Five years ago it was decided to erect new buildings, and architects were asked to submit designs. The competition was keen, and over sixty architects from Canada and the United States sent in drawings. Two experts awarded the prize to F. M. Rattenbury, of Vancouver, a young Englishman, who had recently come to the colony. The older architects were disgusted, but of the superiority of young Rattenbury's designs there was no question. He has personally superintended all the details of construction, and the result is a public building which is a credit to the colony. It may be said, in passing, that Mr. Rattenbury competed for the Capitol building at Olympia, Washington, and secured the contract, but was unable to go on with the work because it was discovered that he was a Canadian.

Victoria is built on an island shaped like a man's hand. One of the fingers is a peninsula which adjoins the island of Vancouver, and at about the centre of this peninsula are the Parliament buildings. Thus they are unobstructed, and from the little bay which separates the peninsula from the main part of Victoria the view is very striking.

There are three buildings, the central one being the administrative block and including the legislative hall, and the other two the Provincial Museum and the government printing-office. The central block is shaped like a T, the main entrance being in the centre of the two arms, and the great legislative hall forming the stem of the letter. The two side structures are built a little in front of the main building, and are connected with it by a covered colonnade forty feet long. The main entrance is flanked by towers and surmounted by a beautiful dome, which, rising above the trees, is as perfect as the Dome at Washington. Under the arch of the entrance are statues of Captain George Vancouver, the first surveyor of Victoria, and Sir Matthew Begbie, chief justice of the province. The main hall, or rotunda, is imposing. The dome rises clear for eighty feet, supported by eight marble pillars. There is a dado of marble eight feet high, and the floor is a mosaic of fine marble, with a handsome border. Directly across the rotunda is the entrance to the legislative hall, protected by handsome gates of coppered lacquer. The hall is sixty-one feet by thirty-nine feet three inches, and is surmounted on all sides by galleries. The roof is supported by twenty-two superb solid Italian-marble pillars, with gilt Ionic capitals, and there is an Italian-marble dado eight feet high.

The throne is of carved Indian oak, with twisted columns on either side, and is surmounted by a rich canopy. The coat of arms of the province is carved in oak overhead. Rooms for the various officials and committees occupy the remainder of this building. Each is finished in native woods. The museum, which is located in one of the side buildings, is well worth the attention of any tourist, as it is rich in Indian curios and in specimens of animals, birds, and fishes of the North.

LONDON.

March 7, 1898.

I NEVER remember to have heard so much feeling expressed by average Englishmen on any American topic as with reference to the *Maine* disaster. What has touched people's hearts here is the self-restraint and self-control displayed by President and people in the face of almost irresistible temptation to "do something" strong under the sting of a calamity without precedent or parallel. The pride and high spirit of the American nation never made a deeper impression on this side than when it refused to listen to the sulphurous suggestions of the "yellow press." If trouble ensues, there is no doubt on which side effective British sympathies will be shown. The telegram of sympathy sent by the Navy League to the President of the United States, and courteously acknowledged by him, meant a good deal more than meets the eye. If all the fleets of the Continental powers were to sink at their moorings to-morrow morning, the Navy League would despatch no telegram of regret.

The English Radical press has contrived to give the impression in Europe that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain are divided on the subject of colonial policy, and especially in regard to West Africa. Not only the French newspapers, but those who inspire organs of French opinion, like the *Temps*, are firmly under the belief that a struggle is going on in the cabinet between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Prime Minister. This is a mischievous perversion of the facts. I have the best reason for knowing that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain are absolutely at one on the subject of French encroachments in West Africa and elsewhere. Not long since Lord Salisbury remarked to a friend that he had sat in many cabinets with many men, but in no cabinet and from no man had he ever experienced such harmonious and friendly collaboration as from Mr. Chamberlain. It has also come to my knowledge, and there is no harm in repeating it, that Mr. Chamberlain has freely expressed to his political friends his satisfaction at the cordial and easy relations existing between himself and the Prime Minister, for whom he entertains a profound admiration. Having regard to their political divisions in the past, it is only natural that friction is attributed by irresponsible writers to the working relations of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain. There is no friction. On principles they are absolutely agreed; even on details there has been no difference of opinion. The cabinet is a united cabinet, and the harmony between the Foreign and Colonial secretaries is, and has been, absolutely unbroken. It would be well if the French could appreciate the gravity of this fact.

There is reason to believe that the alterations recently made in the programme of the Channel squadron's cruise are not without grave significance. Leaving the west coast of Spain on March 19, Admiral Sir H. F. Stephenson's magnificent fleet will visit Sardinia, Majorca, and Minorca, and will remain in the Gulf of Lyons until the beginning of May. It is unnecessary to point out that, in the event of trouble with France, the immediate junction of the British Channel and Mediterranean squadrons is of the highest strategical importance. With the Channel fleet between Toulon and the Strait of Gibraltar, the French Mediterranean fleet, in the event of hostilities, would be unable to effect a junction with the Brest squadron, and the French admiral in command of the North Atlantic fleet would have no option but to remain under the guns of Brest and Cherbourg. At the time of writing this disposition of the British fleets has attracted no public attention, but I have good reason for saying that difficulties with France in West Africa and the Upper Nile Basin are not wholly unconnected with the recently altered programme of the Channel squadron's cruise.

Although confident hopes are held out that satisfactory arrangements will be come to in Paris on the subject of our West African difficulties, it is impossible to ignore the existence of a growing feeling of irritation with France. In the course of the colonial estimates recently before the House of Commons a sum of £10,000 was voted, after protest, for the compensation of the French fathers of the Catholic Mission at Uganda, whose property was destroyed during the disturbances that took place on the occupation of that region by the British. This payment of indemnity by England to France is regarded as a right and dignified course to adopt, as it is in accordance with the comity of nations. An unpleasant impression, however, has been created by the revelation that what is known as the Waima affair still remains unsettled. On the 5th of January, 1894, Captain Lendy, Lieutenant Wroughton, and Lieutenant Liston, with one sergeant and twenty-six men of one of her Majesty's West India regiments, were shot down by French soldiers on British territory, at Waima, in the colony of Sierra Leone. Observations taken by Colonel Ellis immediately after the occurrence, and subsequently confirmed by the Delimitation Commission, established the fact that Waima is in British territory. It is true that neither Lendy nor the two subaltern officers who were killed had much political or social influence. It is also true that twenty-seven of the slain were colored men, but they were all of them soldiers of the Queen. France has never expressed, or been asked to express, regret for the occurrence; France has neither paid, nor been asked to pay, such compensation to the families of the slain as would be afforded by a money indemnity. A strong feeling exists that this is no mere question of trade or of territory. National honor is involved. In Siam, Madagascar, Tunis, Newfoundland, and West Africa the squeezability of England has been exhibited to the great powers. Graceful concession in small matters or in large is all very well, provided concession is reciprocal. When, however, the concession is all on one side, when indemnities are paid by England to French subjects for mere loss of property, but are not received from France after the gravest provocation and actual slaughter of British troops by French trespassers, the question of honor takes precedence of that of material gain. The Earl of Selborne, the painstaking Under-Secretary of State for the Colonial Office, declared the other night that England was absolutely unanimous that war with France would have been far too dear a price to pay for the loss of our trade-rights in Madagascar. I am convinced that Lord Selborne unconsciously misrepresents the feeling of thoughtful Englishmen on this point. Englishmen are not Jingoes, but when the point of honor is raised, it is immaterial whether the occasion relate to a pestiferous swamp or a combination of paradise and El Dorado. We have now reached that state of relations with France when no language and no diplomacy involving compromise or concession will settle outstanding differences. War or the unconditional surrender of France on the Boussa question is the only alternative.

In the opinion of the naval and military experts, the present is a favorable time to settle our differences with France, if fighting is necessary. In fact, by sending the Channel squadron to the Mediterranean, and thus preventing the junction of the French Toulon and Brest squadrons, the French battle-ships will either be compelled to remain in port or submit to battle with a superior force. French cruisers, for the first fortnight, may inflict a great deal of damage on our commerce; the cables will be cut; much suffering will be caused to the population of both countries; but the result to France will be her extinction as a great power. She will lose all her colonies within a month, including the West African hinterlands, for the sake of which she has driven England to bay. Speaking with a full sense of responsibility, I have no hesitation in saying that the twenty-fifth war between France and England, under present circumstances, however bitterly to be deplored, is now inevitable unless France yields or England sheds her honor. For the first time since the Norman Conquest three generations have lived and died without the forces of England and France meeting in battle array. For the first time since gunpowder was invented, no man lives who has fired a shot in warfare between the French and English nations.

The British public are gradually waking up to the fact that a vital principle is involved in the West African dispute with France. The hinterlands of two British colonies have been obliterated without serious resistance by Great Britain. The precedents of delay and surrender which made the name of Lord Granville a byword in British diplomacy have wrought incalculable evil, and it was not until the still, strong man, in the shape of Mr. Chamberlain, came to the Colonial Office that a serious stand was made. Probably the majority of English people have regarded West Africa as not worth fighting about. Whether or not this be true, if we show to the great powers that we are ready to be squeezed if they only exert sufficient pressure, we shall soon be squeezed dry. A propaganda of unavailing resistance to French encroachments has been made by two people during the last few years, each of whom is remarkable as an individuality. One of them is a lady, Miss Mary H. Kingsley—niece of the author of *Westward Ho*, and the daughter of Dr. Kingsley—whose extraordinary travels on the west coast, described in a thick and ill-arranged but most able book, have lifted the purdah from the mangrove swamps, the forests, the silent rivers, the malaria, and the sunny uplands of that unlovely region in a way that has been accomplished by no other writer. Miss Kingsley has the rare grace of humor. No more depressing tract of country exists on the earth's surface than the stretch of coast-line on the Bight of Benin. Miss Kingsley combines several remarkable qualities. She shuns notoriety. With unrivalled knowledge of the facts, she has refused to join in the discussion on west coast affairs. Her individuality may be judged by the remark of a west coast negro chieftain, who said to a trader that Miss Kingsley was not a white woman, but a white devil. I understand that the sable monarch was not so much alluding to a double dose of original sin as he was referring to the unquenchable vitality, energy, and resolution of the lady in question. She has travelled in Congo Français, in the German Cameroons and Togoland, as well as in the various west coast settlements. Her influence with the governing men in the present instance is considerable.

More remarkable, however, than her courage as an explorer in the worst of climates, or her complete knowledge of the tangled web of west coast politics, is the note of detachment which enables Miss Kingsley to illuminate this most complex and difficult subject with the dry light of reason and sense. Almost every one else with whom I have conversed has some axe to grind—pecuniary, political, military, or administrative—which tends to obscure his judgment, if not to impair the value of his evidence. To these, however, there is one exception.

Sir George Taubman Goldie belongs to a type more common in the Middle Ages than in the stress of these weltering days. Like Charles George Gordon, whom he resembles in more than one side of his character, he abhors publicity, and there is a touch of chivalry in his nature which for years has sustained him under misrepresentation, detraction, and a sea of troubles that would have drowned a smaller man. Sir George Goldie, under a quiet and gentle manner, covers a will of steel. Until Mr. Chamberlain came to the Colonial Office Goldie bore upon his own shoulders the brunt of such resistance to French aggression as was possible under the flaccid administration and degenerate traditions of the Colonial Office. A west coast Athanasius, alone he stood against the world. The result is now visible in the malevolent persecutions of the French press. For a long time the only obstacle to the realization of French ambition, Goldie is now the personification to the French colonial party of British interests and British force. Sir George Goldie is no arm-chair politician. As governor of the Royal Niger Company he personally undertook last year to break the tyranny of the slave-raiding Fulahs in the kingdom of Nupe, the strongest of the states making up the empire of Sokoto. I have no space to describe the campaign, or to recount the admirable arrangements organized by the non-advertising head of the Niger Company. On the 25th of February last year the big fight between 30,000 Fulahs and the Haussa troops of the company took place. The city of Bida was captured. There is little doubt that the Fulahs who were dispersed on that occasion have summoned the French to their help, and that in the form of a quasi-scientific expedition, well armed and with superfluous stores of ammunition, a French party, though disavowed by Monsieur Hanotaux, has actually crossed to the east bank of the Niger.

The hinterland of Lagos is of far greater value than its coast possessions. It is not generally known even in England that for centuries the products of the west coast found their way into Europe through Tripoli and Tunis, and pepper grown on the Niger and transported overland was sold in Constantinople, and found its way to London in the time of Charles II. Myriads of caravans threaded the Sahara region, which is by no means universally the desert it is generally believed to be, though white men are not guided through the fertile valleys it contains. Prosperity induced by this traffic created the populous cities of Kano and Kong. Gradually a touch of the ruling Arab blood graded up the inhabitants of the vast tract of country lying between the Bight of Benin and Tripoli. The French, to a large extent, have gained the sympathy of these people. Leaders of French expeditions have been not only resolute, but tactful and charming in manner. Upon traders they look down with contempt. The Senegalese are a fine fighting race, and, in the opinion of some west-coasters, would walk through the Haussa soldiery "like a hot knife through butter," to use the language of one of them. When the great caravan trade was first ruined by the sea outlet provided by British enterprise and the current of trade reversed, the wealth and comfort of the vast semi-civilizations diminished. Hunger produced discontent among the masses. Rude civilization relapsed into barbarism, and to-day a few caravans only thread their way between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. I need not point out that the potentialities of the open door into West Africa gave to the United States the possibility of a greater trade than is at present dreamed of. The city of Kano alone contains over a million inhabitants, still rudely civilized. Were Kano to become French, American machinery, textiles, and merchandise would be shut out. If Kano remains British, the prosperity of your Atlantic coast cities will be sensibly advanced. American and British interests on the west coast of Africa are absolutely identical as in China. The policy of the "open door" will yet bring about an understanding between the two branches of our race, although the hard knocks seem likely to fall on the British for the next few years.

Lord Salisbury is ill. His inability to get through his work has long been the subject of murmurings among his own subordinates, and of comment by the members of

the *corps diplomatique*. A foreign diplomatist accredited to the Court of St. James was heard to recount his experiences at the Foreign Office in a manner which, though amusing, effectively displays the practical results of Foreign Office administration when the minister has too much to do. The foreign envoy in question described a Wednesday afternoon at the Foreign Office in the following terms: "I arrive in Downing Street to see Lord Salisbury. Most politely they place me in a room. I wait one hour, two hours, three hours. My business is important. Then comes a young gentleman with charming manners. He is desolated at my waiting so long, and he conveys the profound regrets of Lord Salisbury that owing to pressure of public affairs with other countries he has been compelled to deny himself the pleasure of seeing me. And then this young gentleman continues by saying that it is necessary for Lord Salisbury to catch the train to Hatfield, he must 'go home to tea.' And so my business is not done. Friendly to England, I have been unable to communicate important information that would have been invaluable in recent difficulties, but have been unable to do so. But you are asking me do not I see Lord Salisbury in society? Yes, I see the British ministers in society, but if I talk to one of them on my business he is freezingly polite, but unmistakably conveys to me that I am a bore. I do not wish to be a bore, and therefore I go to spend my Wednesday afternoons in the Salle d'Attente of the Foreign Office." These are the *ipsissima verba* of a highly popular representative of a friendly state; and I am not without reason for saying that in dealing with ambassadors from more powerful states than that represented by the minister to whom I have referred, Lord Salisbury's preoccupations have also led to the curtailment of communications and the postponement of replies to important letters. The foreign relations of England would be greatly benefited by such a rearrangement of the duties of the Foreign Minister as would enable him to give adequate attention to the representatives of foreign powers. It is said that even the United States ambassador has not received the prompt attention which is due, no less to the dignity of the country he represents, than to his own distinguished personality.

Arnold White.

Amateur Sport

During Mr. Whitney's *absence on a sporting tour around the world, in the interest of* Harper's Weekly, *this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

Although the Military and Athletic Tournament which was held in Madison Square Garden last week was announced as the second annual tournament, it was the first held under the management of the Military Athletic League—the first tournament, held in 1897, having been run by private enterprise for the very incidental benefit of a hospital. To prevent any similar misuse of the services of military athletes, the Military Athletic League was formed recently, which gave, last week, most successfully, its first tournament, in aid of the fund for the monument to the late General Porter.

To the league belong all but two of the military organizations in New York and Brooklyn, and similar organizations from other States; the regular army has approved it, and the great athletic organizations, the Amateur Athletic Union and the League of American Wheelmen, assist it. Its officials are known both as military men and as athletes, and its individual members have the backing of their own regiments and of the great athletic organizations named.

The week's programme opened on Monday night with a review by the president of the Military Athletic League, Lieutenant-Colonel Luscomb, of the Thirteenth Regiment, N.G.N.Y., of detachments from each of the military organizations participating in the tournament, and then the games began. These were all "track events"—bicycling and running races—and were hotly contested. A well-banked track had been laid, 176 yards in length; but as it was to be used by the contestants in the military part of the tournament, it could not be made so hard as for an ordinary athletic tournament, and the records made on it were slow. The athletic tournament developed into a lively contest for first place between the Twenty-second New York and the Fourth New Jersey regiments, with the Twelfth New York pushing these closely.

After the track events each evening came the military part of the programme, the participants being detachments from the regular army and from the organizations belonging to the League. From Fort Myer, Virginia, came Troop E, of the Sixth Cavalry; from Fort Hamilton, Light-Battery D, of the Fifth Artillery; from West Point, the cavalry detachment; from Fort Columbus, a detail of the Thirteenth Infantry; and the United States Monitor *Terror* sent a detail. Of the New York organizations the Naval Reserve sent a detail from the First Battalion; Troop C, the Second Signal Corps, and the First and Second Batteries were represented strongly. An attractive programme had been prepared, varying each day, which was carried through promptly, to the intense delight of a crowd of spectators that grew larger every night. The cavalry exercises were remarkable, as showing the complete control of the horses by the men, and the mutual understanding between man and beast; the artillery manœuvres were striking; the infantry, musical, and calisthenic drill showed how men may be made athletes without even "home gymnasiums"; while the work of the Signal Corps was a revelation to the spectators. Although, of course, the regulars far excelled the militiamen in the accuracy and rapidity of their manœuvres, the latter held their end up creditably, and, even in comparison with the regulars, showed themselves well-trained and not "tin soldiers."

On Wednesday night the tournament was honored by the presence of Major-General Miles, commanding the army, who appeared in the new uniform which his inspection of the European armies indicated to his experienced mind was necessary to increase the efficiency of our small army. With him was General Merritt, in evening dress; and their aides and a number of officers and ladies accompanied them. The games began earlier than usual, and were interrupted to permit of a review by General Miles of the detachments from the organizations participating in the tournament. Lieutenant-Colonel Luscomb commanded, the band of the Thirteenth Infantry led, and behind followed detachments from the Monitor *Terror*, the New York Naval Militia, the Old Guard, the Thirteenth Infantry, and the Sixth Cavalry; and from these National Guard organizations, the Eighth, Ninth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Forty-seventh, and Seventy-first New York regiments, the Fourth New Jersey, the First, Second, and Third Batteries, Troop C, and the Signal Corps. These detachments were in four battalions, and quite filled the arena.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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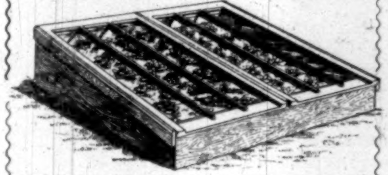

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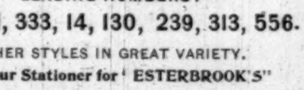

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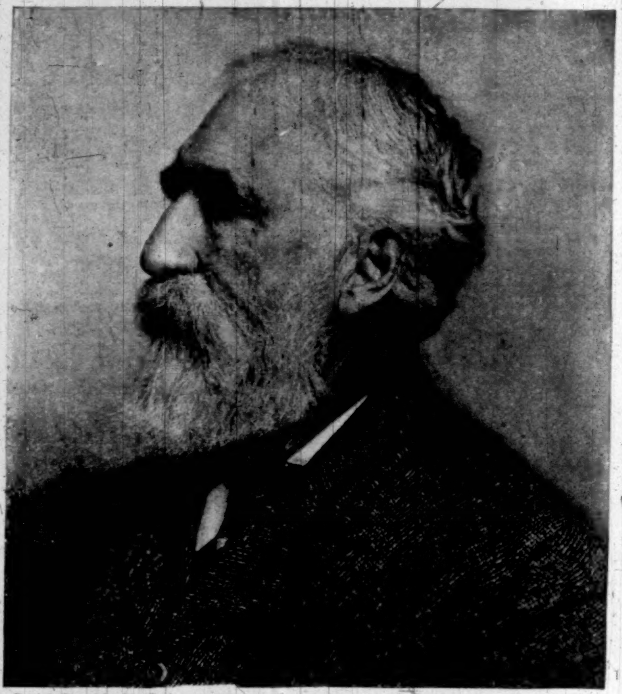

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CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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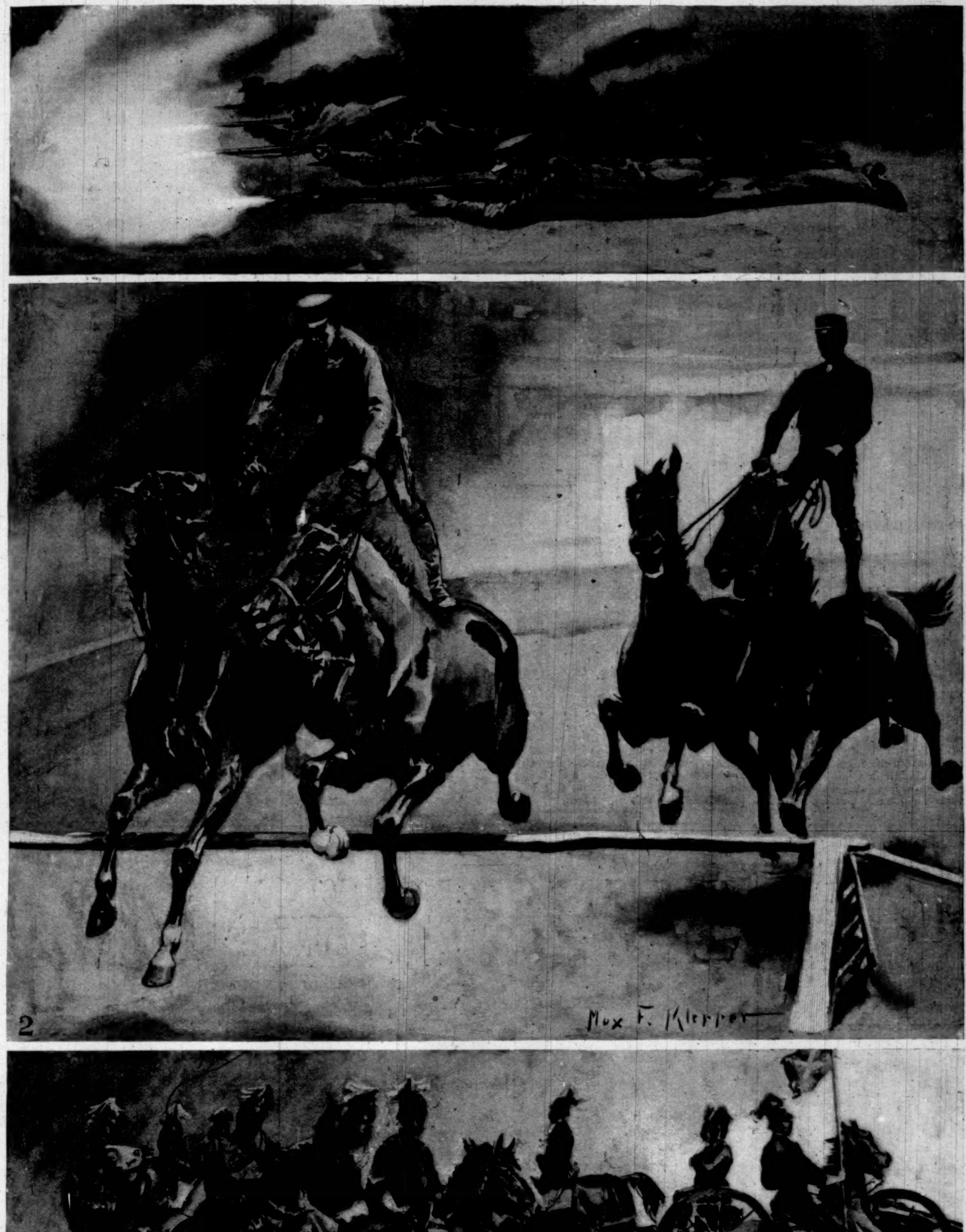

THE MILITARY AND ATHLETIC TOURNAMENT AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE PAGE 307.]

1. Extended Order Drill of the Thirteenth United States Infantry. 2. Rough Riding by Troopers of the Sixth United States Cavalry. 3. Manœuvres by Light Battery D, Fifth United States Artillery.

ART.

SOME NOTABLE FEATURES OF THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

To the friends of the Society of American Artists—and they embrace nearly every one in this country who is interested in painting—the excellence of this year's exhibition is a subject for great rejoicing. It is impossible, on glancing round the galleries, not to feel that in variety, individuality, and general interest this show is the best of recent years. The galleries present a glow of color to which we have been strangers. This carries with it a sense of vitality, which is increased by further perusal of the pictures. The evidence not only of earnestness but of virile work is particularly refreshing. For, after all, we live in a world of work, and a gallery of pictures to appeal to what is best in us must show the signs of strenuous endeavors that capture our enthusiasm. More than that, we look for sturdy individuality; for proof of men having grappled with problems of their own, instead of echoing those of others. In these particulars the exhibition is quite notable, and one of the most hopeful that we have had.

First honor is due to Mr. John La Farge's superb panel of "Greece," painted for Bowdoin College, where it will fit into the semicircular space in the hall of the Walker Art Gallery, in company with the mural paintings, already in position, by Messrs. Vedder, Cox, and Thayer. Against a background of deep violet hills and sky are set three female figures. The centre one, semi-nude, with yellow drapery around her lower limbs, stands by the side of a pedestal holding a torch, which reaches from the ground to her head. On her left is a figure seated on a mossy rock, with a mural crown upon her head; and on the right the form of Pallas with helmet, and a tablet and stilus in her hands. One can only hint here at the mingling of majestic repose and exquisite sensitiveness with which the full and empty spaces of the panel are balanced, decorating the half-circle with a sumptuous embroidery of form. The color is even more delightful—full of depth and richness. Deep violets, brilliant greens, yellows, crimsons, and grays are blended into a harmony of amazing force; and every individual mass of color has its own separate quality. For a moment one is reminded of the richness of stained glass; but it is rather a distinction of the diverse qualities of velvets and precious stones, for the colors are so impenetrable and solid. Bowdoin College may congratulate itself on having had to wait for this magnificent picture. Work such as this cannot be produced "on time"; it must grow out of the artist's temperament, and the labor will be long. Boston learnt this lesson in the case of Mr. St. Gaudens's Shaw Memorial, and it would be well if all who give commissions for big work would realize it. Too often our men are hurried, and prevented from doing the best of which they are capable. Mr. La Farge's rank enabled him to take his own time, and the country is the richer by a great picture.

As one turns to the picture, by Mr. John S. Sargent, of the full-length portraits of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Phelps Stokes, it is hard to avoid the regret that this great painter, who has proved himself in the library of Boston possessed of such grandeur of imagination and accomplishment, should be compelled by the exigencies of success to spend so much time upon what is, after all, a minor branch of art. It is true he dignifies a portrait by making it a picture, and introduces so much technical excellence that he compels admiration. The lady wears a white duck skirt and a navy-blue jacket, and stands erect and alert and sparkling with pleasant vitality in the front of the picture. Behind her, in half-shade, is the gentleman, clad in flannels; and most admirably represented is the loose and easy attitude of his figure. As usual, the textures of flesh and fabrics are painted with marvellous fidelity, all the more remarkable owing to the breadth of treatment. The eye, after taking in the ensemble, can travel with delight over every part of the canvas, and will assuredly linger especially upon the painting of the lady's hand, which rests upon her hip. Mr. Sargent is also represented by a small portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, lounging in a chair, with one leg thrown over the other. How marvellously characteristic it is! The face so full of intellect and kindliness, the hands vibrating with sensitiveness, even the knee, showing through the loose trousers, expressing the nervous energy of the man!

The picture selected by the jury for purchase under "The Shaw fund," presented by Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, is the "Night and the Waning Day" of Mr. G. R. Barse, Jr. Those who have followed this painter's work must have been impressed with his evident earnestness, and his determination to reach an ideal that is still ahead of him. What the ideal exactly is one can only conjecture, but it seems to be to use the nude figure as a symbol of emotion. He is a facile draughtsman, but his skill in this direction does not flatter him into contentment with the mere charm of drawing. He strives to idealize the human figure and to make it express an abstract thought, and secures a result at once decorative and poetic. In this picture, also, without, strictly speaking, being a colorist, he has sought for and obtained a large measure of emotional quality through his color. The deep glassy green at the bottom of the panel, the purple-black of the drapery, and the pale green-blue sky are a lovely foil to the delicate flesh-tints, and at the same time express the beautiful solemnity and calm which are felt in a fuller degree in the figures that float as softly as swan's-down. The picture is full of tender feeling, and yet virile in conception and treatment.

It is a great pleasure to see Mr. George de Forest Brush represented in the exhibition. He contributes a portrait of Master Scribner—a boy in brown velvet suit, with a background of landscape in warm deep tones—a beautiful example of his strong, serious style and splendid sense of color.

Besides his "Pot of Basil," which was exhibited at Philadelphia, Mr. John W. Alexander sends two pictures of girls—one kneeling upon the floor, the other straining forward over the arm of a chair to play with a kitten at her feet. They are very clever, and the former has a pleasant scheme of color and is decorative in composition; but each is little more than a *tour de force*—"lots of fun" to do, but scarcely serious work. There are two charming little portraits, respectively, by Mr. Kenyon Cox and Mr. Mowbray, the former being especially good. Mrs. Cox exhibits a very graceful little composition, and Mrs. Prellwitz a larger canvas, which proves that she is advancing rapidly in her work.

The "Song of the Pines," by Mr. Douglas Volk, is a more than ordinarily interesting picture. It represents a woman, bearing a branch of pine, standing against a background of rich dark trees, beyond which is a patch of crimson sky. There is a tender sadness in the expression of the face, the eyes look far forward, and a strong note of passionate feeling runs through the rest of the picture. It is a fine example of exalted symbolism. Another subject that appeals especially by its decorative feeling is Mr. Herbert Denman's "Sirens"—a turquoise sea, with silvery haze, a ship in the distance, and three beautiful forms wrapped in cool purple shade.

The English painter Mr. Frank Brangwyn makes an imposing show with the Oriental subject that was exhibited at Philadelphia, and with a large design for tapestry. One of his objects is to make his surface of canvas a piece of magnificent decoration, and how well he succeeds may be noted in the first gallery, where his picture, occupying the centre, gives a richness and vivacity to the whole wall. To the left of it is a highly interesting portrait, by Mr. Carroll Beckwith, of a well-known model. He is a man with mustache and imperial, of very fierce aspect, and, in the old-fashioned uniform with which the painter has clothed him, makes a most unique appearance. The painting is vigorous, and the picture altogether a very striking one. At the opposite end of the room is a portrait by Mr. S. Sham, which has much charm of composition and color. Mr. W. B. Van Ingen sends a decorative panel, in which he exhibits a very serious intention. The picture is rich in color and very charming in sentiment.

There are four pictures by Mr. J. McNeill Whistler, three of which represent his earlier method. One is of Old Westminster Bridge, painted in 1862, and it is interesting to note the fidelity to detail which it exhibits. It was not until he had mastered the difficulty of painting things just as they are that he ventured to eliminate unessentials, and to represent things as they appear to his artist's vision. Mr. W. M. Chase sends several pictures—facile, attractive, but unsatisfying.

The Webb prize, given by Dr. W. Seward Webb for the best landscape in the exhibition by a painter under forty years of age, has been awarded by the jury to Mr. George H. Bogert. The river winding through pasture-lands suggests a reminiscence of Daubigny, but the picture is treated in an entirely individual way. It is solidly painted, sparkling in color, and full of light and atmosphere. Mr. Horatio Walker has a remarkably strong picture of a scene in a clearing of the woods, with a yoke of oxen and their driver in the foreground. It is exquisite in color, with a veil of quiet poetry over the landscape, and a note of rugged strength in the man and oxen. The picture represents in their true relation the poetry and prose of life, and is not only beautiful, but stimulating. A snow scene by Mr. T. Appleton Brown is particularly pleasing. It is novel in its choice of subject, and represents not the sparkle or shimmer of snow, but that muffled stillness of foliage and buildings when even the air seems choked.

In the centre gallery is a very interesting collection of miniatures, of which those by Miss Laura Hills may be singled out for special notice. The sculpture exhibit is small, the most notable pieces being two memorial panels by Mr. Herbert Adams, executed by himself in marble. Recent mention has been made in the WEEKLY of Mr. Adams's work, so that it is enough now to say that these panels are thoroughly characteristic of its charming qualities.

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